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Ivanhoe

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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Ivanhoe
by SIR WALTER SCOTT
FOUR GENERATIONS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE NORMANS CONQUERED THE SAXONS, BUT BAD BLOOD STILL EXISTS BETWEEN THEM. KING RICHARD THE LION HEARTED IS AWAY AT THE HOLY WARS, AND HIS TREACHEROUS BROTHER, PRINCE JOHN, RULES IN HIS STEAD. JOHN IS PLOTTING WITH PHILIP OF FRANCE TO KEEP RICHARD A PRISONER IN AUSTRIA, WHERE HE IS NOW BELIEVED TO BE. UNDER JOHN'S RULE, THE NORMAN BARONS PRACTICE EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION UPON THE VANQUISHED SAXONS.
CEDRIC, A PROUD SAXON CHIEFTAIN, HAS BANISHED HIS ONLY SON, WILFRED OF IVANHOE. IVANHOE IS IN LOVE WITH ROWENA, CEDRIC'S WARD, AND DESCENDANT OF A LONG LINE OF SAXON PRINCES. CEDRIC PLANS TO HAVE HER MARRY ATHELSTANE, LAST DESCENDANT OF KING ALFRED. BY THIS MARRIAGE, CEDRIC HOPES TO UNITE THE SAXONS AGAINST THEIR NORMAN OPPRESSORS. AS A RESULT OF HIS BANISHMENT, IVANHOE HAS GONE WITH RICHARD ON THE CRUSADES.

A SWINEHERD AND JESTER, RETURNING TO THEIR MASTER'S HOME, ENCOUNTER A STRANGE CAVALCADE.
TELL ME, GOOD FELLOWS, IS THIS THE ROAD TO CEDRIC THE SAXON'S, DWELLING?
THE NORMAN DOGS! I'LL TELL THEM NOT.
THE SWINEHERD AND JESTER LIKE NOT THEIR LOOKS.
QUICK SLAVES, SPEAK UP, OR YOU'LL FEEL THIS WHIP!
FOLLOW ON TO THE SUNKEN CROSS AND TAKE THE PATH TO THE LEFT.
THE HORSEMEN MOVE ON.
WE MUST TEACH THESE SAXON SWINE BETTER MANNERS.
THOU ART NOT SUCH A FOOL, WAMBA. YOU HAVE SENT THEM ASTRAY.
SURELY, GURTH, NONE SHOULD TRUST A FOOL'S WORD.
THE CAVALCADE ARRIVES AT THE SUNKEN CROSS.
IT WILL SOON BE DARK AND THESE WOODS ARE DISMAL. STAY! HERE IS THE CROSS.
DID HE SAY THE PATH TO THE RIGHT?
NAY, I THINK--SURELY, HE SAID TO THE LEFT.

WAIT! HERE IS SOMEONE ASLEEP. MAYHAP HE CAN TELL.

PRAY, CANST TELL US WHERE CEDRIC, THE SAXON, ABIDES?
I AM BOUND THERE MYSELF. PROVIDE A HORSE AND I WILL GUIDE THEE.

THEY SET OUT UPON THE PATH TO THE RIGHT.
WHO ART THOU TO KNOW THESE STRANGE PATHS?
A LOWLY PILGRIM RETURNED FROM THE HOLY WARS, AND A NATIVE OF THESE PARTS.

I SEE LIGHTS AHEAD.
WE APPROACH ROTHERFORD.
EVEN A SAXON'S ROOF WILL BE WELCOME THIS NIGHT.

BEFORE THEM IS ROTHERFORD, HOME OF CEDRIC.

TELL YOUR MASTER THAT PRIOR AYMER OF JORVAULX AND SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT SEEK LODGINGS FOR THE NIGHT.

MY MASTER, THE NOBLE THANE CEDRIC, BIDS YOU ENTER.

THE PROUD SAXON GREETS HIS NORMAN GUESTS.
WE ARE GRATEFUL, WORTHY THANE, FOR THY KIND WELCOME.
ENTER, REVEREND PRIOR, AND KNIGHT OF THE HOLY TEMPLE.

SHE IS INDEED A BEAUTY, NOBLE PRIOR.
LOOK NOT TOO BOLDLY, SIR BRIAN, SHE HATH SAXON PRIDE.
PLACE FOR THE LADY ROWENA.
NOBLE SIRS, MY WARD, THE LADY ROWENA.

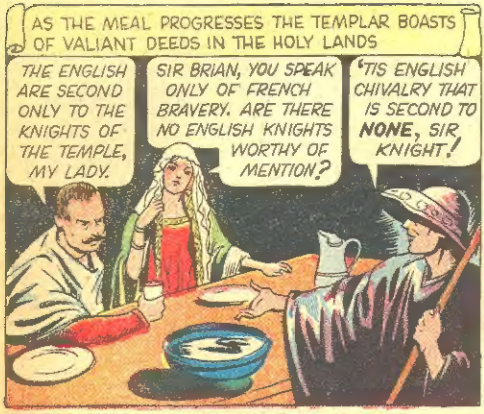
ROWENA DRAWS HER VEIL ACROSS HER FACE.

ADMIT HIM; BE HE WHO OR WHAT HE IS.
A POOR MERCHANT AT THE GATES BEGS ADMITTANCE.

ISAAC, A HUMBLE MERCHANT ENTERS.
SIT THEE AT THE LOWER TABLE.

EVEN THOSE AT THE LOWER TABLE TREAT HIM WITH SCORN.
SIT THEE ELSEWHERE. GET THEE HENCE!

OLD MAN, THOU ART WET AND HUNGRY. TAKE MY PLACE AND FOOD.
BLESSINGS ON THEE, GOOD YOUTH.


AS THE MEAL PROGRESSES THE TEMPLAR BOASTS OF VALIANT DEEDS IN THE HOLY LANDS
THE ENGLISH ARE SECOND ONLY TO THE KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE, MY LADY.
SIR BRIAN, YOU SPEAK ONLY OF FRENCH BRAVERY. ARE THERE NO ENGLISH KNIGHTS WORTHY OF MENTION?
'TIS ENGLISH CHIVALRY THAT IS SECOND TO NONE, SIR KNIGHT!

DID NOT KING RICHARD AND FIVE ENGLISH KNIGHTS OVERTHROW EIGHTEEN NORMAN KNIGHTS, INCLUDING THYSELF, IN THE LISTS?
GIVE ME THEIR NAMES AND THIS BRACELET IS THINE.

THE PILGRIM NAMES FOUR, BUT PAUSES BEFORE NAMING THE LAST.
I FORGET THE FIFTH.
YOU FORGET IT NOT. IT WAS IVANHOE. AND WERE HE HERE I WOULD CHALLENGE HIM IN THIS WEEK'S TOURNAMENT!

THE BOX CONTAINS A HOLY PORTION OF THE TRUE CROSS.
HERE IS MY SURETY THAT IF IVANHOE EVER RETURN FROM PALESTINE HE WILL MEET YOU.

AND HERE IS MINE. IF HE REFUSE I WILL PROCLAIM HIM A COWARD TO ALL.
I WOULD RISK FAME AND FORTUNE THAT IVANHOE MEET THEE, PROUD KNIGHT.

THE MEAL ENDED, THE PILGRIM RETIRES TO HIS ROOM.
THE LADY ROWENA WOULD SPEAK WITH THEE. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.

IN LADY ROWENA'S APARTMENT.
RISE, PILGRIM. TELL ME, IS IVANHOE SAFE AND WELL? WOULD HE WERE HERE TO MEET SIR BRIAN IN COMBAT!
MY LADY, HE HAS SURVIVED HIS ENEMIES. MAY HE SOON RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE PILGRIM IS LED TO HIS QUARTERS.
FIT COMPANY FOR THEE, PILGRIM, WITH A SWINE-HERD AND PEDDLER ON EITHER SIDE.
THE PILGRIM ENTERS ISAAC'S CELL AS DAY IS BREAKING....
AWAKE, ISAAC, AND COME WITH ME. I FEAR THE TEMPLAR PLOTS AGAINST THEE!
ALAS, HE THINKS ME RICH, AND ME A PENNILESS OUTCAST.
THE TWO NOW PROCEED TO GURTH'S CELL.
ARISE, GURTH. YOU MUST LET US ESCAPE BY THE POSTERN GATE.
NAY, NO VISITORS DEPART BY STEALTH AT THIS HOUR.
THE PILGRIM WHISPERS A SECRET MESSAGE IN GURTH'S EAR.
I HASTEN TO THY BIDDING. AWAIT ME BEYOND THE POSTERN GATE.
GURTH, THOU ACT STRANGELY BEFORE A BAREFOOT PILGRIM.
THOU HAST DONE WELL, LOYAL FRIEND.
AFTER TRAVELING MANY WINDING PATHS THE PILGRIM FINALLY STOPS.
YONDER IS SHEFFIELD AND SAFETY. WE PART HERE.
NOT TILL I REPAY THY KINDNESS. I KNOW THY FERVENT WISH FOR HORSE AND ARMOR. I WILL SEE THAT YOU GET THEM.
ISAAC GIVES THE PILGRIM A NOTE TO A RICH KINSMAN. WITH THIS HE MAY SELECT THE FINEST ARMOR AND STEED IN ALL ENGLAND.
BUT I MAY LOSE ALL TO A VICTOR.
I CARE NOT. THOU MUST ENTER THE TOURNEY--AND MAY YOU WIN.

IT IS THE DAY OF THE TOURNAMENT AND THRONGS FILL THE TOWN OF ASHBY.
PRINCE JOHN ARRIVES TO GRACE THE LISTS.
WHO IS THE BEAUTY YOU GUARD SO TENDERLY, ISAAC?
YOUR GRACE, SHE IS MY DAUGHTER, REBECCA.

SIT CLOSER THOU SAXON SWINE. MAKE ROOM FOR THIS LADY AND HER FATHER.
NO, NO! I PRAY YOUR GRACE:...
PRINCE JOHN TAUNTS CEDRIC.

COME, MAKE SPEED--PRICK HIM WITH YOUR LANCE, DE BRACY.
GALLANTLY DONE!

ENOUGH FROM YOU ARCHER. NOW UP YOU GO ISAAC.
PLEASE YOUR WORSHIP, WE BELONG NOT WITH THEM.

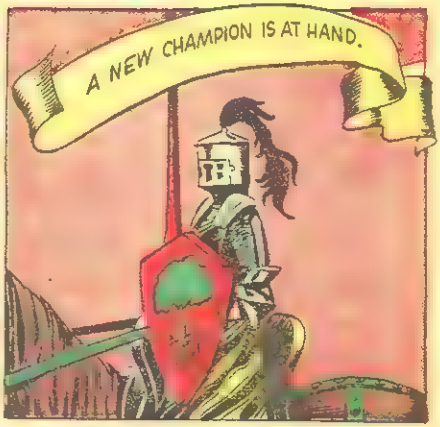
UP, WRETCHED DOG, I COMMAND YOU. STOP HIM WHO WILL!
MARRY, I WILL STOP HIM.

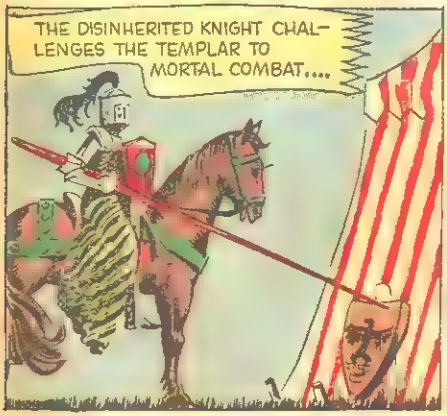
DEAL ME THE PRIZE, FAIR PRINCE. HAVE I NOT WON IN FAIR FIGHT?
'TWOULD HARDLY DO TO SIT VICTOR AND VANQUISHED TOGETHER.
ROOM IS FOUND FOR ISAAC AND REBECCA IN LOWER SEATS.

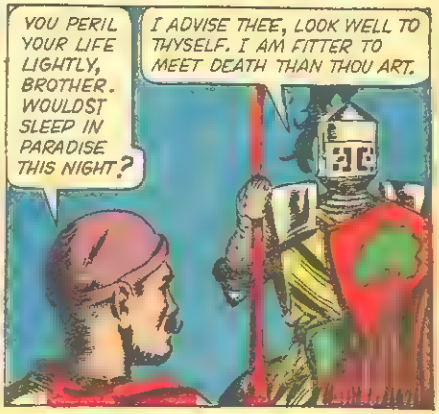
COME, WE MUST START THE TOURNEY. NORMAN STEEL WILL TAME THE SAXON CHURLS.

A SECOND AND THIRD TIME DE BOIS-GUILBERT AND HIS KNIGHTS WIN THE ENCOUNTER. THE SAXONS ARE UNABLE TO DEFEAT THEM.

SIR BRIAN HAS OVERTHROWN TWO KNIGHTS AND FOILED A THIRD, HE IS THE VICTOR.
BUT WAIT, A STRANGE KNIGHT ENTERS THE FIELD.

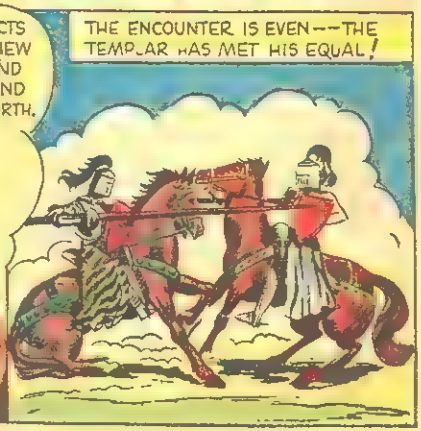

A NEW CHAMPION IS AT HAND.


THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT CHALLENGES THE TEMPLAR TO MORTAL COMBAT....

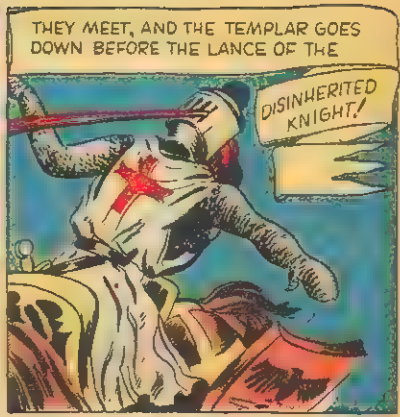

YOU PERIL YOUR LIFE LIGHTLY, BROTHER. WOULDST SLEEP IN PARADISE THIS NIGHT?
I ADVISE THEE, LOOK WELL TO THYSELF. I AM FITTER TO MEET DEATH THAN THOU ART.

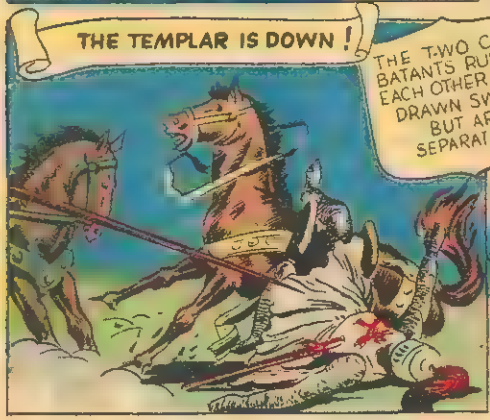
WITH SUPERB HORSEMANSHIP HE BACKS HIS HORSE TO AWAIT HIS ANTAGONIST.

THE TEMPLAR SELECTS A FRESH HORSE, A NEW LANCE AND SHIELD AND RIDES FORTH.

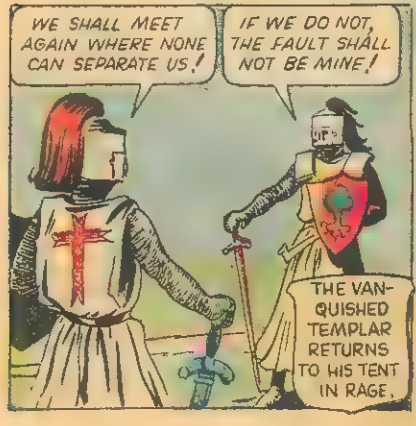

THE ENCOUNTER IS EVEN--THE TEMPLAR HAS MET HIS EQUAL!

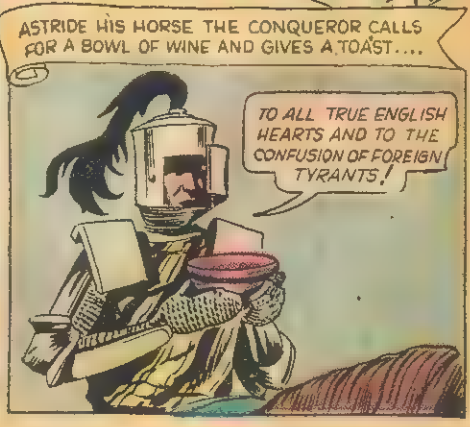
THE TWO KNIGHTS RECEIVE FRESH LANCES AND SPUR TO THE CHARGE AGAIN!


THEY MEET, AND THE TEMPLAR GOES DOWN BEFORE THE LANCE OF THE
DISINHERITED KNIGHT!

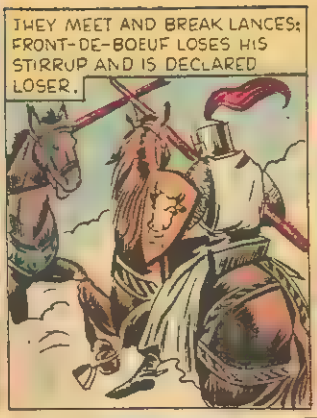

THE TEMPLAR IS DOWN!
THE TWO COMBATANTS RUSH AT EACH OTHER WITH DRAWN SWOORDS BUT ARE SEPARATED

NAY, THE COMBAT IS ENDED, THE RULES FORBID FURTHER ACTION.

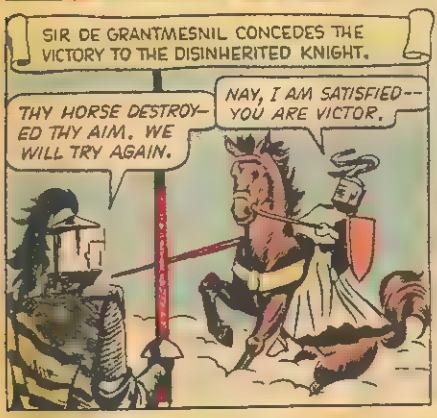

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN WHERE NONE CAN SEPARATE US!
IF WE DO NOT, THE FAULT SHALL NOT BE MINE!
THE VANQUISHED TEMPLAR RETURNS TO HIS TENT IN RAGE.

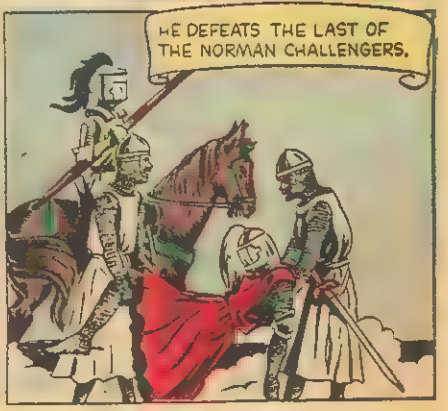

ASTRIDE HIS HORSE THE CONQUEROR CALLS FOR A BOWL OF WINE AND GIVES A TOAST....
TO ALL TRUE ENGLISH HEARTS AND TO THE CONFUSION OF FOREIGN TYRANTS!

THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT NOW COMMANDS HIS TRUMPETER TO SOUND A DEFIANCE TO THE OTHER CHALLENGERS. HE WILL MEET ALL COMERS. SIR FRONT-DE-BOEUF IS FIRST TO ANSWER HIS CALL.


THEY MEET AND BREAK LANCES: FRONT-DE-BOEUF LOSES HIS STIRRUP AND IS DECLARED LOSER.

SIR PHILIP MALVOISIN IS ADJUDGED VANQUISHED.


SIR DE GRANTMESNIL CONCEDES THE VICTORY TO THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT.
THY HORSE DESTROYED THY AIM. WE WILL TRY AGAIN.
NAY, I AM SATISFIED--YOU ARE VICTOR.


HE DEFEATS THE LAST OF THE NORMAN CHALLENGERS.

ALL HAIL THE VICTOR!
I PROCLAIM SIR DISINHERITED VICTOR OF THE DAY'S HONORS.

REMOVE THY HELMET THAT ALL MAY VIEW THE VICTOR'S FACE.
IT IS MY VOW TO REMAIN UNKNOWN.

WHO IS THIS CONQUEROR THAT CALLS HIMSELF DISINHERITED?
CAN IT BE THE KING, RICHARD THE LION HEARTED?
HEAVEN FORBID! SAY NOT SO, WALDEMAR!
NAY, RICHARD IS A MUCH LARGER MAN.
THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT RECEIVES THE AWARD OF VALOR
SIR KNIGHT, THIS STEED IS YOURS; YOU HAVE WON HIM GALLANTLY.
THE CONQUEROR RIDES TWICE AROUND THE LISTS AND STOPS AGAIN BEFORE THE PRINCE.
AS VICTOR, YOU MAY NOW NAME THE FAIR LADY WHO IS TO BE QUEEN OF HONOR ON THE MORROW.
THE KNIGHT LAYS THE CIRCLET AT LADY ROWENA'S FEET.
LADY ROWENA IS PROCLAIMED QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.
BY MY HALIDOME, THE KNIGHT'S TASTE EQUALS HIS FEAT AT ARMS.
LONG LIVE THE SAXON PRINCESS
THIS IS A PROUD DAY FOR ENGLAND.
CEDRIC PLACES THE CIRCLET ON ROWENA'S HEAD.

IN HIS HEART PRINCE JOHN IS DISPLEASED. IT HAS BEEN A SAXON VICTORY.

LET NOT THIS ARCHER ESCAPE. HE MUST PAY FOR HIS INSOLENCE.

FEAR NOT. I REMAIN TO DRAW BOW WITH YOUR BEST.

THE SQUIRES FROM THE FIVE VANQUISHED KNIGHTS PRESENT THEIR MASTERS' ARMS AND STEEDS TO THE VICTOR FOR RANSOM.

FROM FOUR OF YOU, I ACCEPT BUT HALF THE RANSOM—FROM SIR BRIAN I TAKE NOTHING! OURS IS A MORTAL QUARREL.

THAT EVENING

SO FAR, MY SWINE-HERD SQUIRE, WE PRESERVE THE HONOR OF ENGLAND.

IT IS INDEED GURTH WHO SERVES THE UNKNOWN VICTOR.

TAKE THIS GOLD TO ISAAC AS PAYMENT OF THE HORSE AND ARMOR.

I OBEY, BUT YOU ARE OVER GENEROUS.

GURTH REACHES ISAAC'S HOME AND IS ADMITTED.

HERE IS GOLD IN PAYMENT FOR MY MASTER'S DEBT.

HE IS A GOOD AND GALLANT YOUTH.

REBECCA DRAWS GURTH ASIDE AS HE IS LEAVING.

MY FATHER BUT JESTED IN TAKING THE GOLD. HE OWES THY MASTER TENFOLD WHAT HE GAVE.

THOU ART INDEED AN ANGEL.

GURTH HASTENS BACK TO HIS MASTER. MANY OUTLAWS ARE ABROAD AND THE WAY IS LONELY.

STOP! WHAT MONEY HAST THOU, CHURL?

BUT THIRTY PIECES I HOARD TO BUY MY FREEDOM.

THE THIRTY IS MINE, THE BALANCE MY MASTER'S, THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT.

T'WAS HE WHO WON THE TOURNEY TODAY. THEN HE, TOO, IS A POOR SAXON.

RELEASE THIS MAN!

GURTH IS ALLOWED TO KEEP HIS MONEY AND GO FREE.

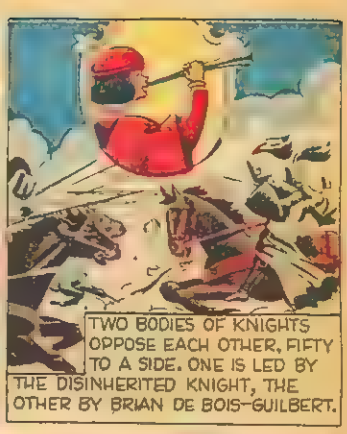
RULES FOR SECOND DAY OF TOURNAMENT

1. TWO EQUAL BANDS WILL MEET IN GENERAL COMBAT. THE QUEEN THEN CROWNS THE KNIGHT WHOM THE PRINCE DEEMS VICTOR.

2. AN ARCHERY CONTEST WILL FOLLOW.

WELCOME, QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

GREETINGS TO THEE, PRINCE JOHN.



THE FRAY IS FURIOUS. IN THE DIN OF BATTLE MANY FALL.

BRAVE LANCE!

GOOD SWORD!

JEALOUS OF THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT, ATHELSTANE FIGHTS WITH THE NORMANS

THE FIELD OF FIGHTERS THINS AND THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT AND BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT MEET HAND TO HAND.

NEW DANGER THREATENS THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT. HE REINS BACK, NARROWLY AVOIDING TWO CHARGING KNIGHTS. THEY WHEEL, AND THE THREE CLOSE IN TO OVERPOWER HIM.

STOP THE FIGHT, THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!

NOT I, MAY HE GET WHAT HE DESERVES.

A KNIGHT DASHES TO THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT'S RESCUE.
TO THE RESCUE!
HE DROPS FRONT-DE-BOEUF WITH A MIGHTY BLOW. THEN—
WRENCHING A BATTLE-AXE FROM ATHELSTANE, THE BLACK KNIGHT KNOCKS HIM SENSELESS WHILE DISINHERITED DOWNS THE TEMPLAR.
YIELD OR DIE!
THE COMBAT IS ENDED.
PRINCE JOHN WOULD PROCLAIM THE BLACK KNIGHT VICTOR, BUT HE CANNOT BE FOUND. HE MUST NOW NAME THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT AGAINST HIS WILL.
'TIS CONTRARY TO THE LAWS. HIS HEAD MUST BE BARE.
SIR DISINHERITED, I—
THE LACES ARE CUT AND HIS HELMET REMOVED.
IN TRUTH, 'TIS IVANHOE!
I—I BESTOW THIS CHAPLET ON THE VICTOR.
THE VICTOR FALLS SENSELESS AT ROWENA'S FEET.

AS PRINCE JOHN LOOKS ON DISPLEASED AT RECOGNIZING WILFRED OF IVANHOE, A NOTE IS HANDED HIM.

Take heed, your brother, Richard, has flown!

THIS MAY BE A FALSE ALARM.

NAY, I KNOW THE HAND AND SEAL.

LET US SPEED THE ARCHERY CONTEST AND HASTEN TO YORK TO OPPOSE HIS COMING.

ARCHERS, PREPARE YE-- TO SHOOT. A BUGLE-HORN IS THE PRIZE.

WHAT IS THY NAME, FELLOW? ART THOU TOO TIMID TO TRY THY SKILL?

'TIS LOCKSLEY, YOUR GRACE. I HAVE ALREADY DISPLEASED THEE-- WHAT IF I WIN?

A PRIZE OF TWENTY PIECES OF GOLD IF YOU BEST THE WINNER — A WHIPPING IF YOU LOSE.

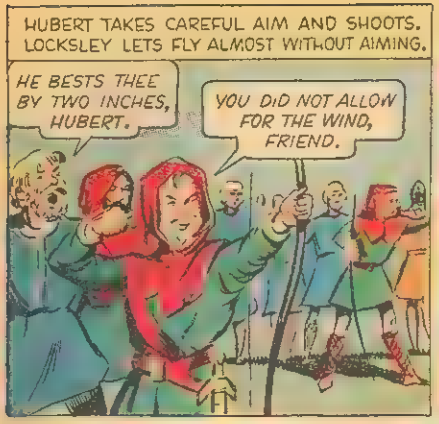
THEN I MUST OBEY YOUR PLEASURE.

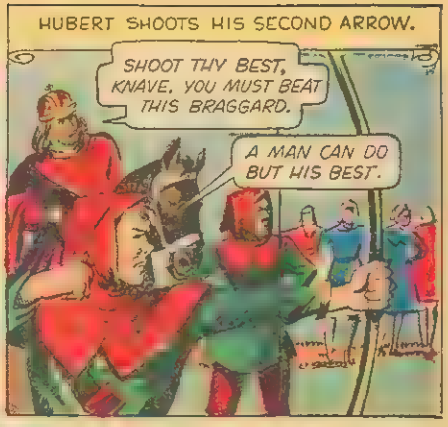
EACH ARCHER SHOOTS THREE ARROWS. A FORESTER, NAMED HUBERT, PLACES TWO IN THE INNER CIRCLE AND IS DECLARED WINNER.

AND NOW, LOCKSLEY, YOU MEET THE WINNER.

ON CONDITION I PICK THE MARK FOR THE THIRD ARROW.

I AM AGREED.


HUBERT TAKES CAREFUL AIM AND SHOOTS. LOCKSLEY LETS FLY ALMOST WITHOUT AIMING.
HE BESTS THEE BY TWO INCHES, HUBERT.
YOU DID NOT ALLOW FOR THE WIND, FRIEND.


HUBERT SHOOTS HIS SECOND ARROW.
SHOOT THY BEST, KNAVE. YOU MUST BEAT THIS BRAGGARD.
A MAN CAN DO BUT HIS BEST.

HE PIERCES THE CENTER, HUBERT!
CANST THOU BEAT THAT, LOCKSLEY?
I WILL NOTCH HIS ARROW.

LOCKSLEY SHOOTS AND SHIVERS THE OTHER'S SHAFT....

LOCKSLEY CUTS A WILLOW WAND WHICH IS STUCK UPRIGHT IN THE GROUND AT A HUNDRED PACES.
I REFUSE TO SHOOT AT WHEAT STRAWS
COWARDLY KNAVE! YOU SHOOT, LOCKSLEY.
THEN, HUBERT, I WILL SHOOT!

LOCKSLEY SPLITS THE WILLOW ROD NEAT AND CLEAN.

HERE IS THY PRIZE. WILT THOU TAKE SERVICE WITH ME?
THY PARDON, BUT I TAKE SERVICE WITH KING RICHARD.

AND IN THE CONFUSION LOCKSLEY SLIPS AWAY.

SORELY WOUNDED, IVANHOE HAS BEEN SPIRITED AWAY TO A NEARBY HOUSE. REBECCA, SKILLED IN SUCH MATTERS, TENDERLY NURSES HIM.
CEDRIC AND HIS PARTY ARE JOURNEYING BACK TO ROTHERFORD. IT IS TWO DAYS LATER AND CEDRIC DOES NOT KNOW WHERE IVANHOE HAS BEEN TAKEN. THINKING GURTH'S ABSENCE, WHILE AWAY WITH IVANHOE, WAS DESERTION, HE HAS ORDERED GURTH BOUND TO A HORSE.
TELL OUR MASTER I RENOUNCE HIS SERVICE. HE HAS DESERTED HIS WOUNDED SON.
NOT I! 'TWOULD BE INDEED A FOOL'S ERRAND.
EASE MY BONDS, LIKE A GOOD FOOL, THEY CUT SORELY.
I CAN AT LEAST DO THAT.
GURTH AND WAMBA RIDE IN THE REAR.
OUTLAWS INFEST THESE WOODS, BUT AT HEART THEY ARE GOOD SAXONS, WE SHOULD BE SAFE.
AHEAD RIDE CEDRIC, ROWENA AND ATHELSTANE.
HELP! SAVE US!
WE COME!
CEDRIC COMES UPON ISAAC AND REBECCA WHO ARE ALSO RETURNING HOME.
GURTH TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE.

ISAAC'S HIRED ESCORT, HAVING BEEN WARNED THAT A BAND OF OUTLAWS LIE IN WAIT, HAS FLED, TAKING ALL THE HORSES.

IN THE NAME OF ONE DEAR TO YOU, LEAVE US NOT! PROTECT THIS SICK PERSON.

PRAY, DO THEIR BIDDING. THE MAN IS OLD, THE GIRL BEAUTIFUL AND THEIR SICK FRIEND IN PERIL.

I GIVE MY CONSENT.

THEY ALL MOVE ON. THE PATH IS NARROW AND HEMMED IN BY WOODS. SUDDENLY—THEY ARE ATTACKED!

WE ARE ATTACKED! HAVE AT THE KNAVES!

TAKE THAT, THOU ROGUE!

YIELD, PRISONER!

CEDRIC LOSES HIS SWORD

HO! MASTER, I WILL SAVE THEE!

WAMBA ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE CEDRIC BUT SEVERAL MEN ATTACK HIM

WHA—WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

ONLY WAMBA ESCAPES. THE REST ARE MADE PRISONERS.

WAMBA GOES ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE AND GURTH APPEARS BEFORE HIM.

WAMBA! WHAT IS YON DIN, A BATTLE?

OUTLAWS ATTACK THE MASTER!

WELL, THOU HAST A WEAPON, WE MUST RESCUE CEDRIC.

THOU HAST SPOKEN WELL-- FOLLOW ME.

HALT! WHO, SAY YOU, MAKES SAXONS PRISONERS IN THIS FOREST?

YOU SHOULD KNOW! SEE FOR YOURSELF, THEY WEAR YOUR COLORS.

LOCKSLEY GOES BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT.

REMAIN HERE ON PAIN OF DEATH UNTIL I RETURN.

HE RETURNS, HAVING RECOGNIZED FRONT-DE-BOEUF, DE BOIS-GUILBERT AND DE BRACY AS LEADERS OF THE ATTACK. ALL ARE DISGUISED AS OUTLAWS.

COME, WE MUST SEEK AID. CEDRIC WILL NOT WANT FOR ENGLISH HANDS TO RESCUE HIM.

THEY HURRY THROUGH THE WOODS.

I SAW THEE WIN THY BUGLE.

AND THOU SPARED MY MASTER'S PURSE.

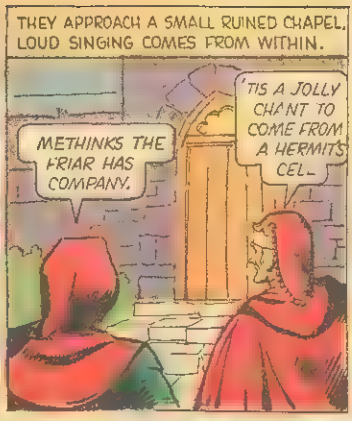
IT MATTERS NOT WHO I BE, SO LONG I FREE YOUR MASTER.

YONDER OAK IS THE MEETING PLACE.

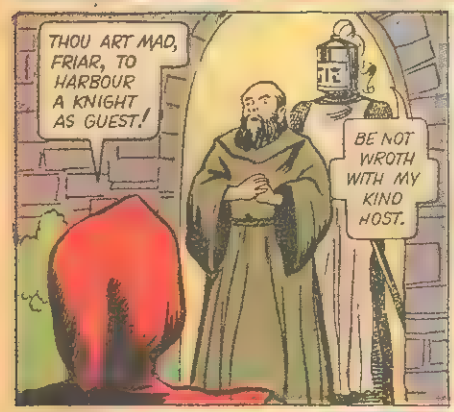
SPEAK! ART THOU FRIEND OR FOE?

GIVE PAUSE, IT IS YOUR LEADER.

DO YOU, MY MERRY MEN, ASSEMBLE OUR BAND AND MEET ME HERE BY DAY-BREAK. I GO FOR FRIAR TUCK.


THEY APPROACH A SMALL RUINED CHAPEL. LOUD SINGING COMES FROM WITHIN.
METHINKS THE FRIAR HAS COMPANY.
'TIS A JOLLY CHANT TO COME FROM A HERMIT'S CEL-

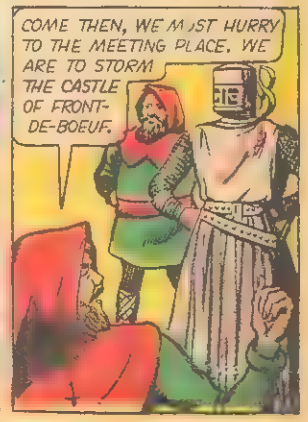
OPEN UP TO LOCKSLEY!
BEGONE! DISTURB NOT OUR HOLY DEVOTIONS.


THOU ART MAD, FRIAR, TO HARBOUR A KNIGHT AS GUEST!
BE NOT WROTH WITH MY KIND HOST.

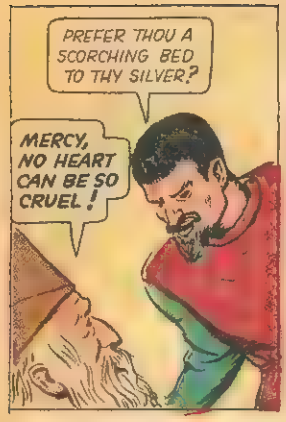
THOU ART HE WHO DECIDED THE VICTORY AT ASHBY.
AND WHAT FOLLOWS IF YOU GUESS TRUE?
THE BLACK KNIGHT, UPON LEAVING THE TOURNAMENT HAS CHANCED UPON THE OLD CHAPEL WHERE THE FRIAR MAKES HIM WELCOME FOR THE NIGHT.

THEN I HOLD YOU A FRIEND OF ENGLAND.
YOU THINK RIGHT. TO NONE IS IT DEARER!

THEN WILT THOU AID IN THE RESCUE OF CEDRIC?
VERILY, BY MY VOW I AM BOUND TO DO SO!

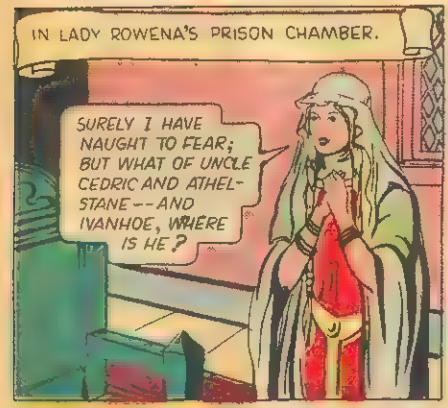

COME THEN, WE MUST HURRY TO THE MEETING PLACE. WE ARE TO STORM THE CASTLE OF FRONT-DE-BOEUF.

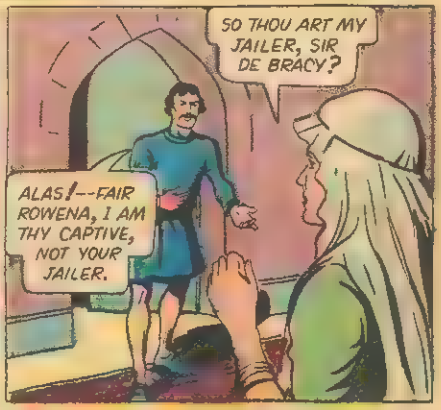
IN THE MEANTIME
THE CAPTIVES ARE FORCED TO TRAVEL ALL THAT NIGHT AND DO NOT ARRIVE AT FRONT-DE-BOEUF'S CASTLE UNTIL EARLY NEXT MORNING.
MAKE HASTE! LET DOWN THE DRAWBRIDGE.
PUT ME TO DEATH, YE NORMAN TYRANTS, BUT SPARE THE LADY ROWENA.
DO OUR CAPTORS MEAN US TO STARVE
YE THINK BUT OF FOOD. WHERE IS THY SAXON PRIDE?
MASKS OR NOT I KNOW WHOM YE SERVE. TELL FRONT-DE-BOEUF TO NAME HIS RANSOM
AH, AT LAST WE EAT.
THREE BLASTS ON A TRUMPET. WHAT CAN THAT MEAN?
SOMEONE AT THE GATES, IF I PLACE THE SOUND.
ISAAC IS CONFINED IN A DISMAL DUNGEON UNDER GROUND.
FRONT-DE-BOEUF, BELIEVING ISAAC TO BE WEALTHY. CONFRONTS HIM.
SEE THESE SCALES? THOU SHALT WEIGH ME OUT ONE THOUSAND POUNDS OF SILVER.
THOU ASKETH THE IMPOSSIBLE.


PREFER THOU A SCORCHING BED TO THY SILVER?
MERCY, NO HEART CAN BE SO CRUEL!

WE SHALL SEE. STRIP HIM SLAVES, AND PLACE HIM ON HIS FIERY BED!

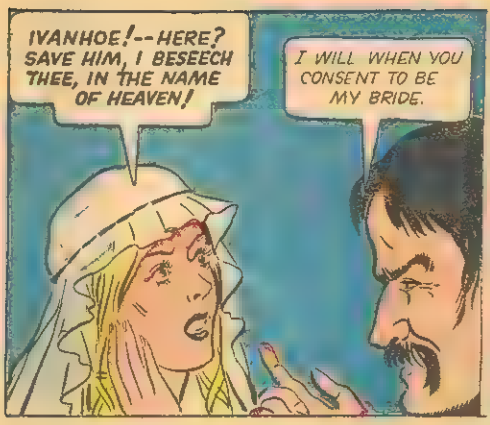
HOLD! A TRUMPET SOUNDS AT THE GATES. COME, WE'LL SEE HIM LATER.
AT THE SAME TIME ELSEWHERE IN THE CASTLE—


IN LADY ROWENA'S PRISON CHAMBER.
SURELY I HAVE NAUGHT TO FEAR; BUT WHAT OF UNCLE CEDRIC AND ATHELSTANE--AND IVANHOE, WHERE IS HE?

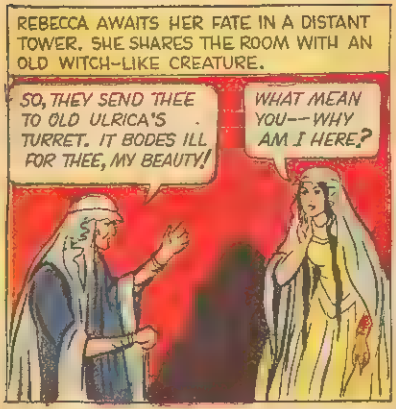

SO THOU ART MY JAILER, SIR DE BRACY?
ALAS!--FAIR ROWENA, I AM THY CAPTIVE, NOT YOUR JAILER.

YOU ARE BUT A ROBBER WHO SPEAKS LIKE A STROLLING MINSTREL.
THEN LISTEN TO BOLDER LANGUAGE. YOU LEAVE HERE ONLY AS MY WIFE.

NEVER! I'D DIE FIRST!
KNOWEST THOU NOT THE WOUNDED MAN WE HOLD IS IVANHOE?" HIS LIFE IS FORFEIT IF YOU REFUSE.

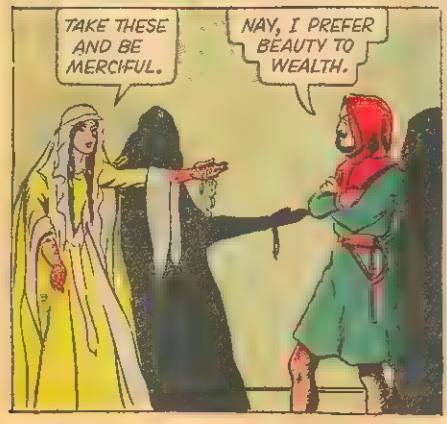

IVANHOE!--HERE? SAVE HIM, I BESEECH THEE, IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN!
I WILL WHEN YOU CONSENT TO BE MY BRIDE.

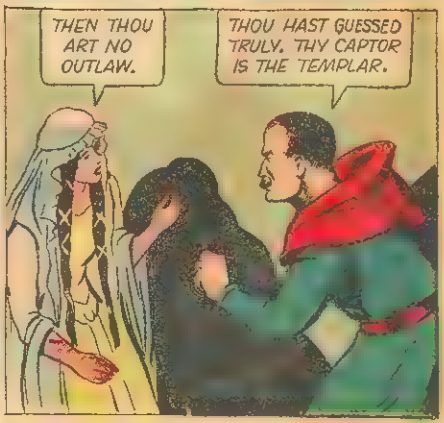
YON TRUMPET CALLS ME TO THE GATES, I'LL RETURN TO YOU ANON.

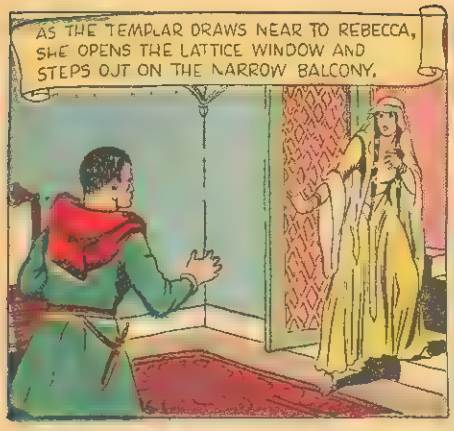

REBECCA AWAITS HER FATE IN A DISTANT TOWER. SHE SHARES THE ROOM WITH AN OLD WITCH-LIKE CREATURE.
SO, THEY SEND THEE TO OLD ULRICA'S TURRET. IT BODES ILL FOR THEE, MY BEAUTY!
WHAT MEAN YOU--WHY AM I HERE?

ULRICA'S FATHER AND SEVEN BROTHERS ALL DIED DEFENDING THIS CASTLE FROM FRONT-DE-BOEUF'S FATHER. SHE HAS BEEN HERE EVER SINCE.

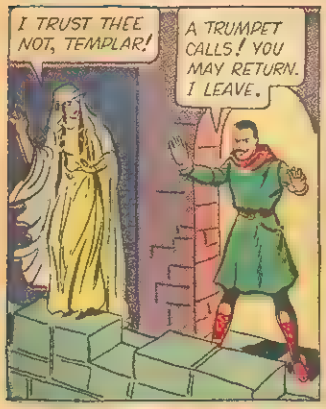
GET THEE HENCE, OLD WITCH, I WOULD BE ALONE!


TAKE THESE AND BE MERCIFUL.
NAY, I PREFER BEAUTY TO WEALTH.

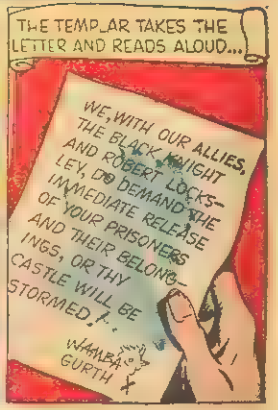

THEN THOU ART NO OUTLAW.
THOU HAST GUESSED TRULY. THY CAPTOR IS THE TEMPLAR.


AS THE TEMPLAR DRAWS NEAR TO REBECCA, SHE OPENS THE LATTICE WINDOW AND STEPS OUT ON THE NARROW BALCONY.

REMAIN WHERE THOU ART, OR I PLUNGE MYSELF TO THE EARTH BELOW!
COME BACK! I SWEAR I WILL NOT HARM THEE!


I TRUST THEE NOT, TEMPLAR!
A TRUMPET CALLS! YOU MAY RETURN. I LEAVE.

FRONT-DE-BOEUF, DE BRACY AND THE TEMPLAR ALL HASTEN TO THE GREAT HALL, WHERE THEY MEET.
HERE IS THE CAUSE OF THE CURSED CLAMOR. YOU READ IT, SIR BRIAN.


THE TEMPLAR TAKES THE LETTER AND READS ALOUD...
WE, WITH OUR ALLIES, THE BLACK KNIGHT AND ROBERT LOCKSLEY, DO DEMAND THE IMMEDIATE RELEASE OF YOUR PRISONERS AND THEIR BELONGINGS, OR THY CASTLE WILL BE STORMED!...
WAMBA GURTH

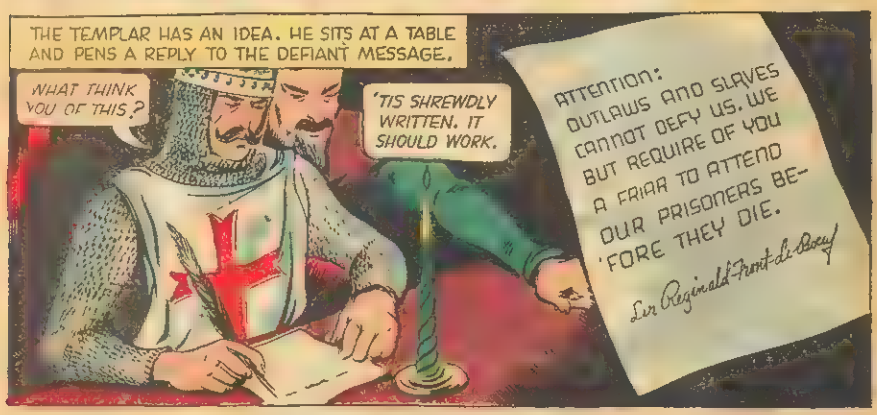
'TIS BUT A FOOLISH JEST.
NOT SO FOOLISH IF THEIR BAND BE STRONG!

THEY NUMBER AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED, MY LORD.
THEN WE HAVE NAUGHT TO FEAR. ONE KNIGHT IS WORTH TWENTY SUCH STINGLESS DRONES.

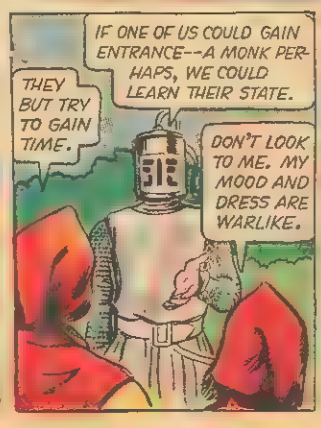
LET US SALLY FORTH UPON THEM.
JUDGE NOT TOO LIGHTLY THESE ENGLISH YEOMEN; THEY KNOW THE WOODS.

DOST FEAR THEY WILL STORM THE CASTLE?
NOT SO, WE ARE SAFE, SIR BRIAN. THIS CASTLE WILL DEFY THEM.

THEN WHY NOT SEND A MESSAGE TO THE OUT SIDE FOR HELP?
BUT WHO WILL BEAR THE MESSAGE?

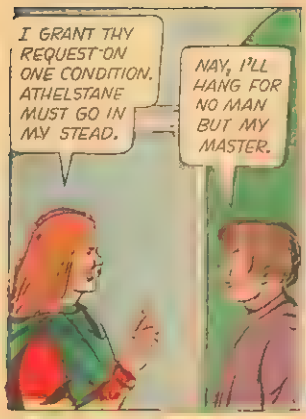

THE TEMPLAR HAS AN IDEA. HE SITS AT A TABLE AND PENS A REPLY TO THE DEFIANT MESSAGE.
WHAT THINK YOU OF THIS?
'TIS SHREWDLY WRITTEN. IT SHOULD WORK.
ATTENTION: OUTLAWS AND SLAVES CANNOT DEFY US. WE BUT REQUIRE OF YOU A FRIAR TO ATTEND OUR PRISONERS BE-'FORE THEY DIE.
Sir Reginald Front-de-Boeuf

THE MESSENGER RETURNS WITH THE LETTER TO THE BLACK KNIGHT AND LOCKSLEY, WHO ARE IMPATIENTLY AWAITING HIM. THE BLACK KNIGHT READS THE LETTER.


IF ONE OF US COULD GAIN ENTRANCE--A MONK PERHAPS, WE COULD LEARN THEIR STATE.
THEY BUT TRY TO GAIN TIME.
DON'T LOOK TO ME. MY MOOD AND DRESS ARE WARLIKE.
SIR

IT TAKES A FOOL TO RISK HIS NECK! I WILL TAKE THE RISK.
WELL SAID, BRAVE FOOL. THOU SHALT BE THE MONK.

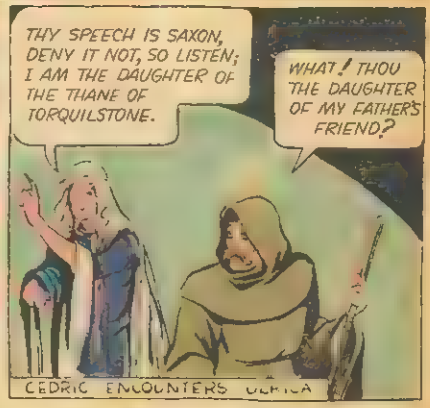
WAMBA IS LED IN HIS MONK'S HABIT TO A SPOT NEAR THE CASTLE GATES.
WHO COMES?
A FRIAR AWAITS, LET HIM ENTER!
I COME TO DO MY OFFICE. LEAD ME TO THE UNHAPPY PRISONERS.
ENTER AND I WILL REPORT THY ERRAND.
WAMBA IS TAKEN BEFORE FRONT-DE-BOEUF.
WHO AND WHENCE ART THOU, FRIAR?
A POOR SERVANT FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.
CANST TELL THE NUMBER OF THESE BANDITS?
GALLANT SIR, THEIR NAME IS LEGION--AT LEAST FIVE HUNDRED.
OUR PLAN WORKS.
WAMBA IS TAKEN TO THE APARTMENT WHERE CEDRIC AND ATHELSTANE ARE HELD PRISONERS.
WHAT IS THY PURPOSE IN COMING HERE, FRIAR?
TO BID THEE PREPARE FOR DEATH.
I AM READY, COME WHAT MAY.
IMPOSSIBLE, EVEN THEY DARE NOT DO THIS! STAY--I KNOW THY VOICE!
YES, IT IS THY JESTER.
BY MY FAITH! WHAT MEANEST THOU?
EVEN THIS, MASTER. TAKE THIS FROCK AND LEAVE IN MY STEAD.
LEAVE IN THY STEAD WHILE YOU REMAIN TO HANG! NEVER!
WHAT MATTER? A JESTER CAN DIE BRAVELY.


I GRANT THY REQUEST ON ONE CONDITION. ATHELSTANE MUST GO IN MY STEAD.
NAY, I'LL HANG FOR NO MAN BUT MY MASTER.

WAMBA FINALLY CONVINCES CEDRIC HE IS NEEDED TO HELP DIRECT THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE. HE DONS THE MONK COSTUME AND BIDS THEM FAREWELL.

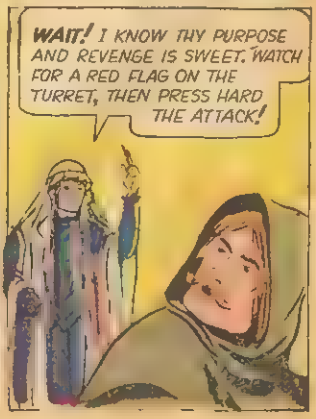
WILT THOU COMFORT A WOUNDED PRISONER, FATHER?
NAY, DAUGHTER, TIME PRESSES AND I MUST HASTEN.

YOU, REBECCA, GET BACK TO THE SICK MAN. AND YOU, FATHER, FOLLOW ME.


THY SPEECH IS SAXON, DENY IT NOT, SO LISTEN; I AM THE DAUGHTER OF THE THANE OF TORQUILSTONE.
WHAT! THOU THE DAUGHTER OF MY FATHER'S FRIEND?
CEDRIC ENCOUNTERS ULRICA

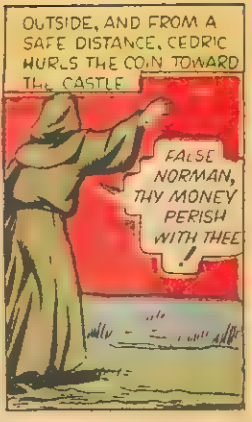
THEN THOU ART CEDRIC; BUT WHY IN FRIAR'S DRESS?
THAT I WILL NOT ANSWER. NOW I MUST BE GONE.

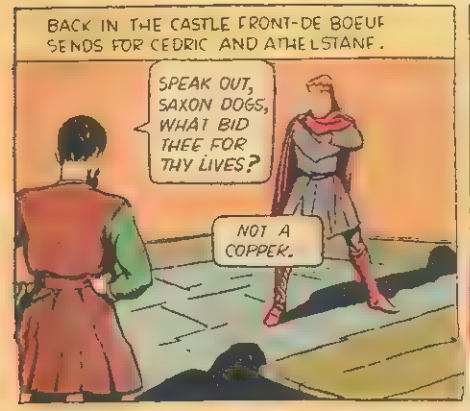
OUTSIDE, FRONT-DE-BOEUF CALLS FOR THE FRIAR, HE GROWS IMPATIENT.


WAIT! I KNOW THY PURPOSE AND REVENGE IS SWEET. WATCH FOR A RED FLAG ON THE TURRET, THEN PRESS HARD THE ATTACK!

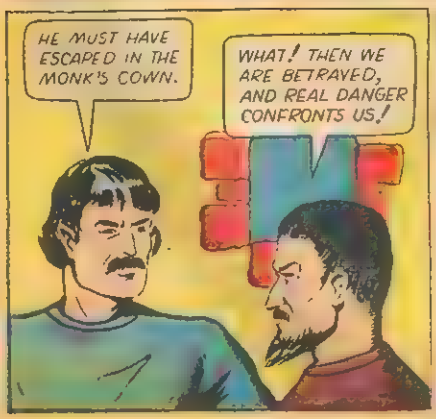
THY PENITENTS WERE OVER-LONG. DID YOU PREPARE THEM FOR DEATH?
THEY ARE PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

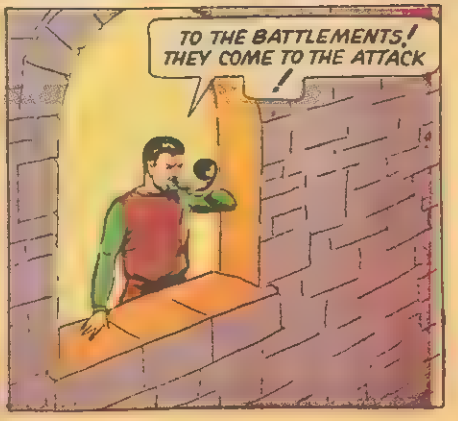
FRONT-DE-BOEUF LEADS CEDRIC TO THE POSTERN GATE. HE HANDS HIM A GOLD COIN.
HASTEN THIS SCROLL TO MALVOISIN. SAY HE IS TO SPEED HERE WITH HIS MEN.

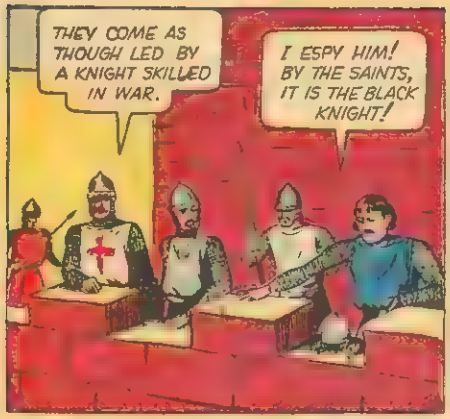

OUTSIDE, AND FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, CEDRIC HURLS THE COIN TOWARD THE CASTLE
FALSE NORMAN, THY MONEY PERISH WITH THEE!

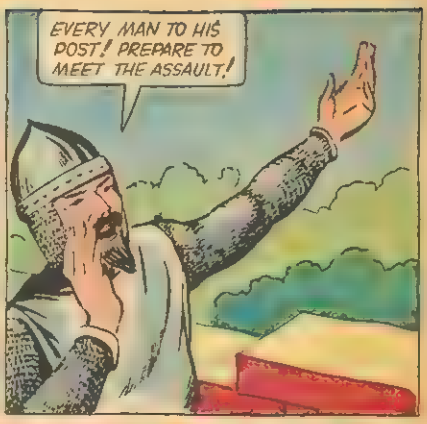

BACK IN THE CASTLE FRONT-DE BOEUF SENDS FOR CEDRIC AND ATHELSTANE.
SPEAK OUT, SAXON DOGS, WHAT BID THEE FOR THY LIVES?
NOT A COPPER.

THOU ART NOT CEDRIC!
WHY, THIS IS CEDRIC'S CLOWN.

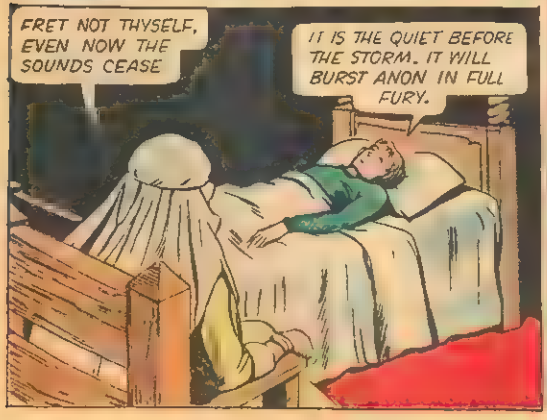

HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED IN THE MONK'S COWN.
WHAT! THEN WE ARE BETRAYED, AND REAL DANGER CONFRONTS US!

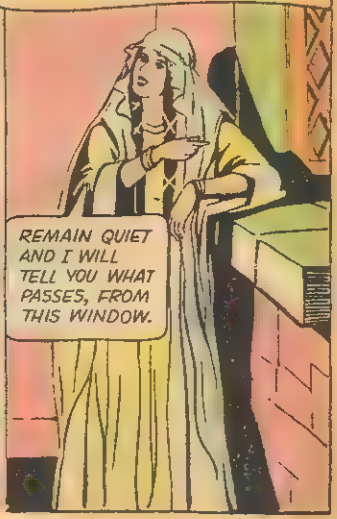

TO THE BATTLEMENTS! THEY COME TO THE ATTACK!

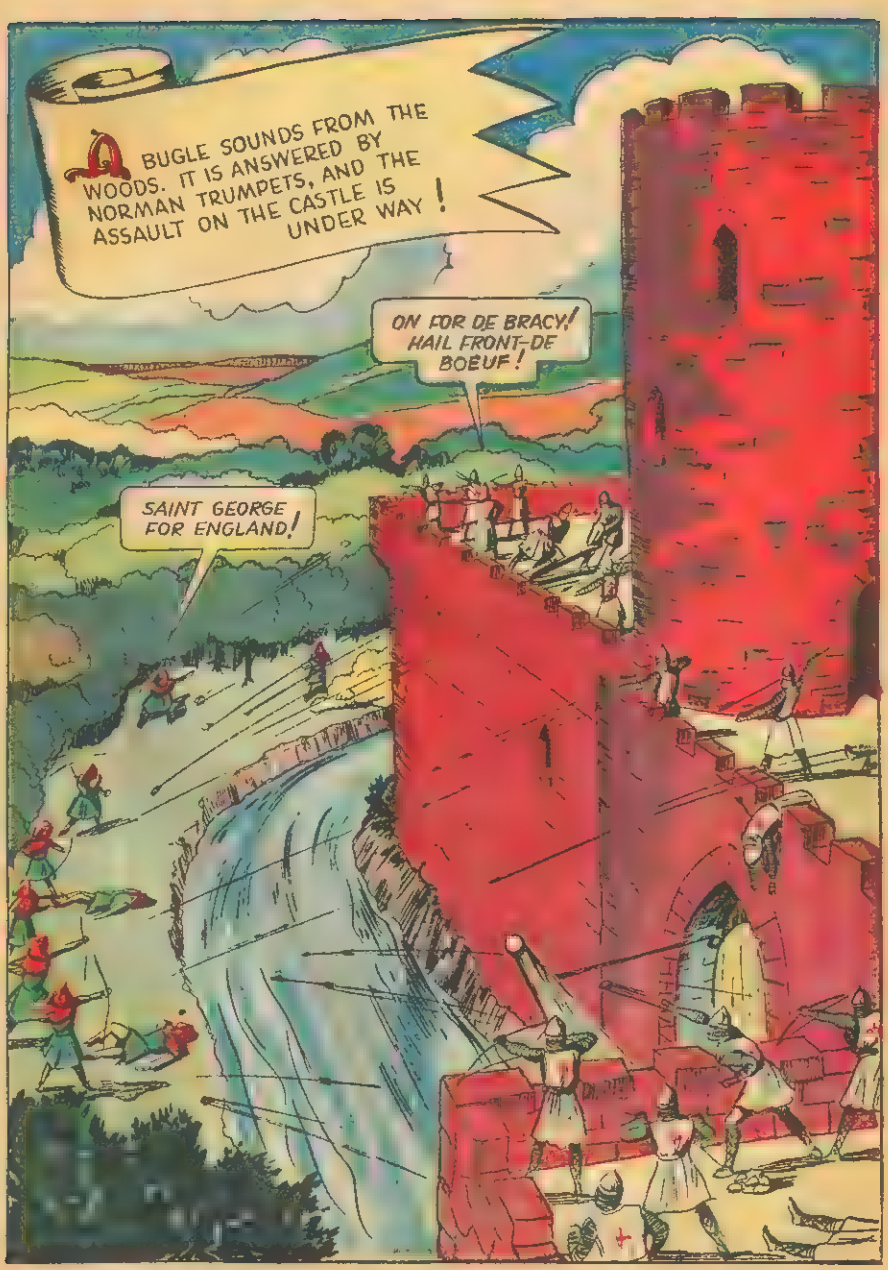

THEY COME AS THOUGH LED BY A KNIGHT SKILLED IN WAR.
I ESPY HIM! BY THE SAINTS, IT IS THE BLACK KNIGHT!

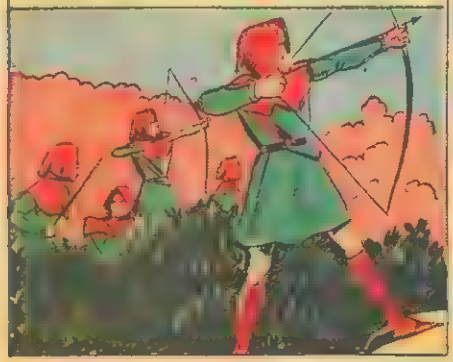

EVERY MAN TO HIS POST! PREPARE TO MEET THE ASSAULT!

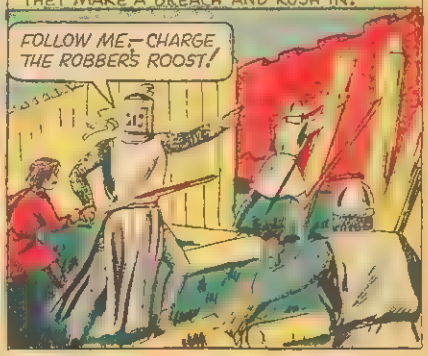
IVANHOE, FROM HIS COUCH IN A TOWER ROOM, HEARS THE PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE.
GENTLE MAID, WHAT GOES ON?
FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT SHE TELLS IVANHOE OF THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE.

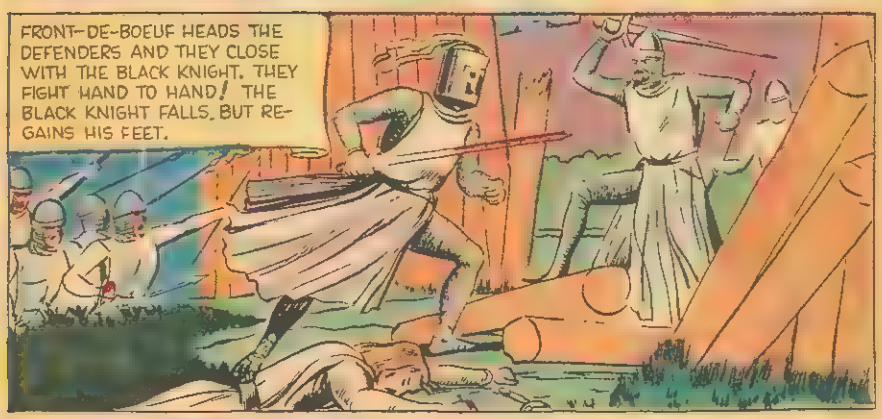

FRET NOT THYSELF, EVEN NOW THE SOUNDS CEASE
IT IS THE QUIET BEFORE THE STORM. IT WILL BURST ANON IN FULL FURY.


REMAIN QUIET AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT PASSES, FROM THIS WINDOW.

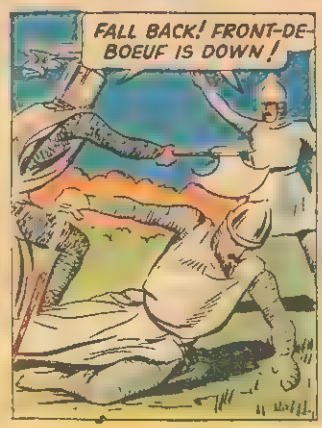

A BUGLE SOUNDS FROM THE WOODS. IT IS ANSWERED BY NORMAN TRUMPETS, AND THE ASSAULT ON THE CASTLE IS UNDER WAY!
ON FOR DE BRACY! HAIL FRONT-DE BOEUF!
SAINT GEORGE FOR ENGLAND!

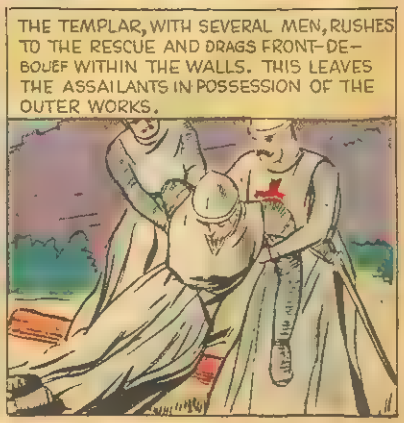


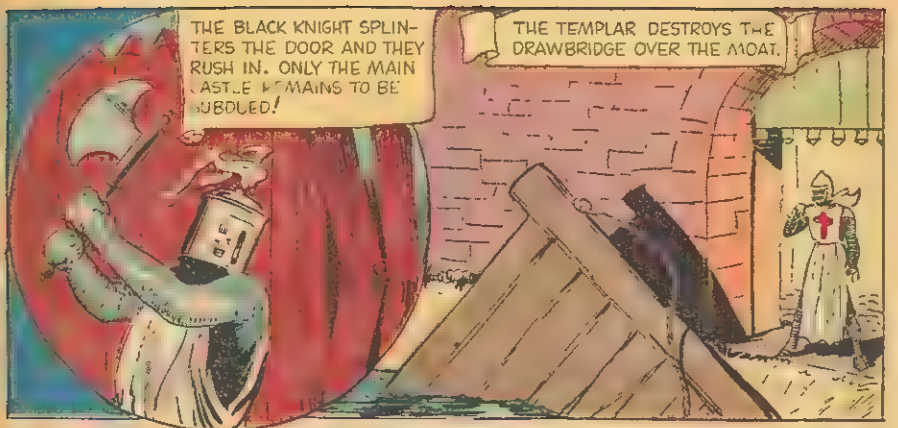


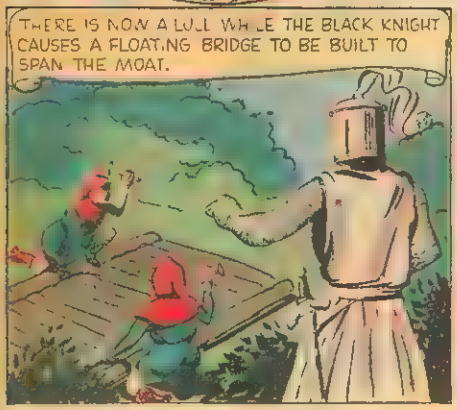


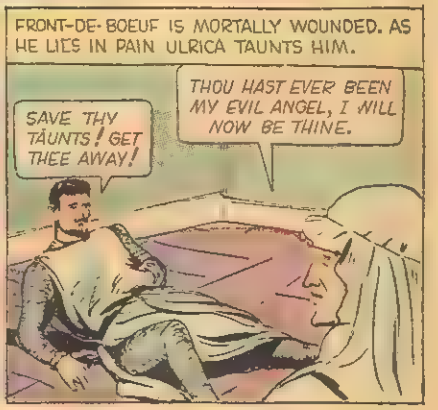
THE BLACK KNIGHT BREAKS HIS SWORD AND SNATCHES AN AXE FROM A YEOMAN. HE PRESSES FRONT-DE-BOEUF AND DEALS HIM A HEAVY BLOW. FRONT-DE-BOEUF FALLS!

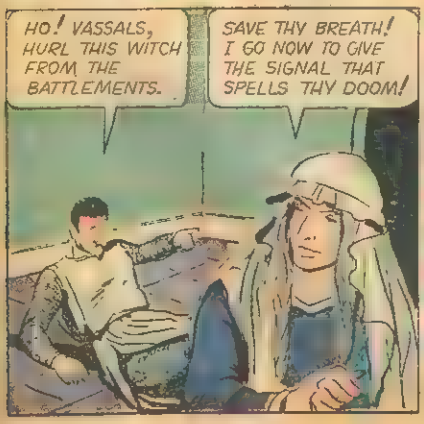


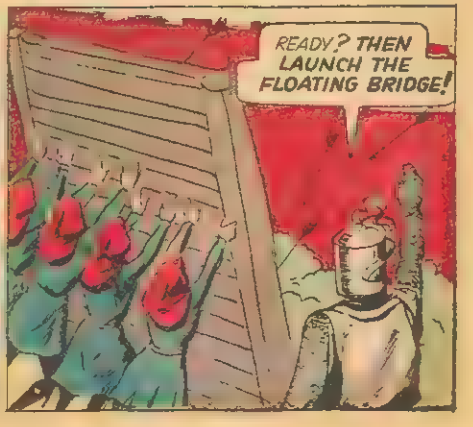


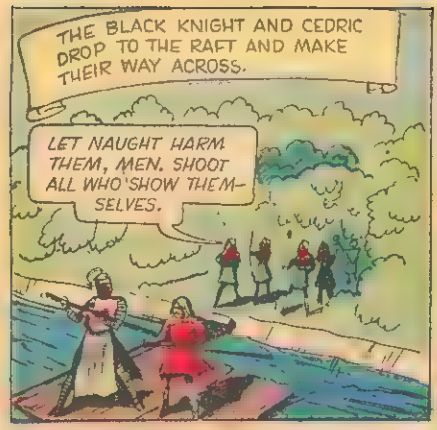

THE BLACK KNIGHT SPLINTERS THE DOOR AND THEY RUSH IN. ONLY THE MAIN CASTLE REMAINS TO BE SUBDUED!
THE TEMPLAR DESTROYS THE DRAWBRIDGE OVER THE MOAT.

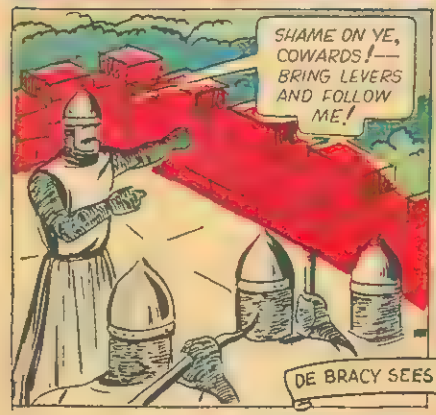

THERE IS NOW A LULL WHILE THE BLACK KNIGHT CAUSES A FLOATING BRIDGE TO BE BUILT TO SPAN THE MOAT.

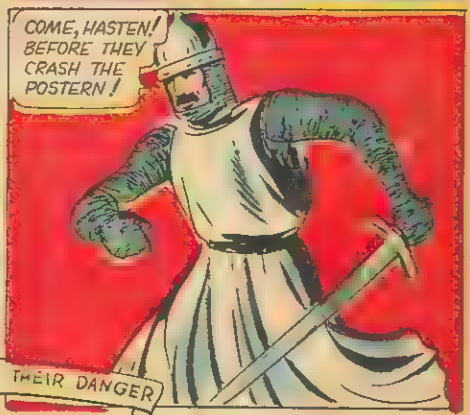

FRONT-DE-BOEUF IS MORTALLY WOUNDED. AS HE LIES IN PAIN ULRICA TAUNTS HIM.
SAVE THY TAUNTS! GET THEE AWAY!
THOU HAST EVER BEEN MY EVIL ANGEL, I WILL NOW BE THINE.


HO! VASSALS, HURL THIS WITCH FROM THE BATTLEMENTS.
SAVE THY BREATH! I GO NOW TO GIVE THE SIGNAL THAT SPELLS THY DOOM!

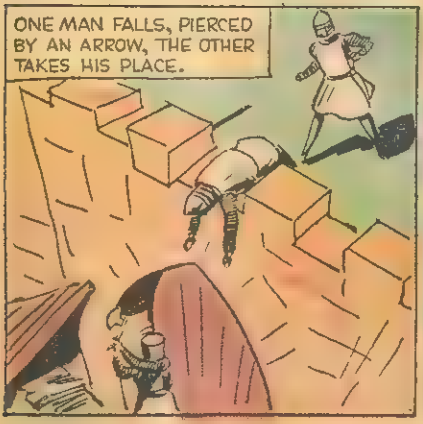

READY? THEN LAUNCH THE FLOATING BRIDGE!

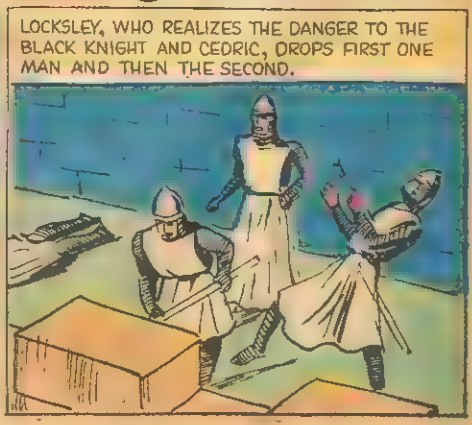


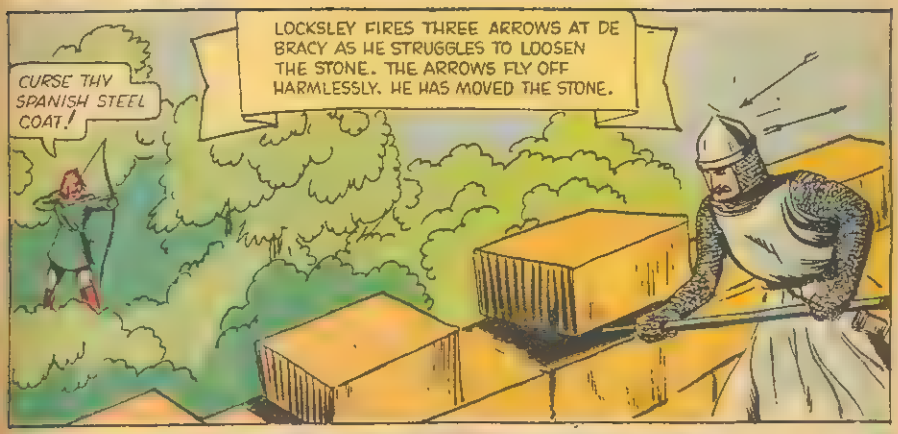


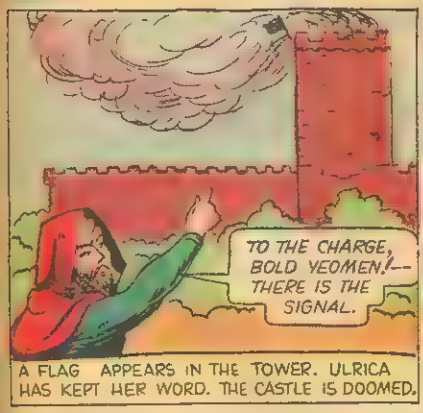


DE BRACY SEES THEIR DANGER

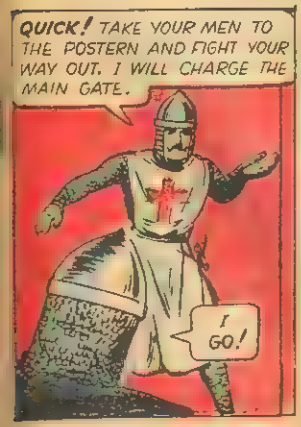




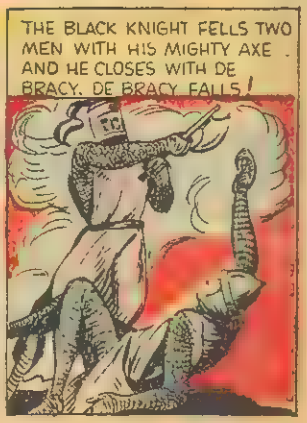

CURSE THY SPANISH STEEL COAT!
LOCKSLEY FIRES THREE ARROWS AT DE BRACY AS HE STRUGGLES TO LOOSEN THE STONE. THE ARROWS FLY OFF HARMLESSLY. HE HAS MOVED THE STONE.

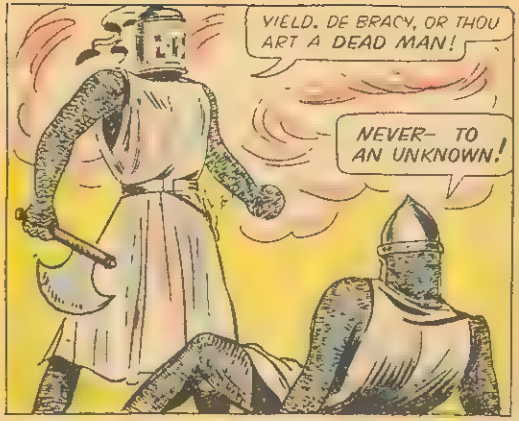

TO THE CHARGE, BOLD YEOMEN!-- THERE IS THE SIGNAL.
A FLAG APPEARS IN THE TOWER. ULRICA HAS KEPT HER WORD. THE CASTLE IS DOOMED.

ALL IS LOST; THE CASTLE BURNS!

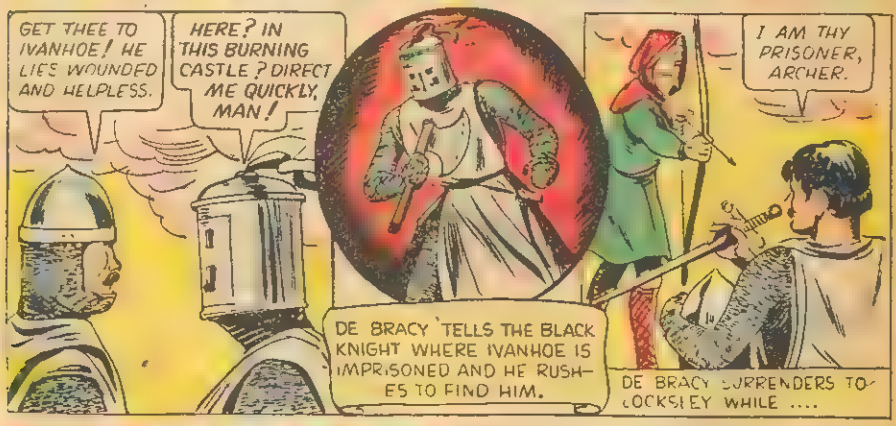

QUICK! TAKE YOUR MEN TO THE POSTERN AND FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT. I WILL CHARGE THE MAIN GATE.
I GO!

AT THEM, MEN! ONLY TWO BLOCK OUR WAY TO FREEDOM!

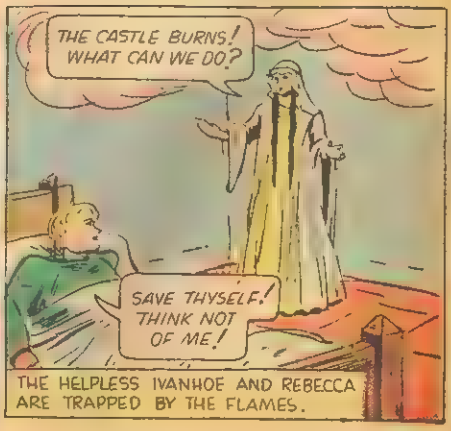

THE BLACK KNIGHT FELLS TWO MEN WITH HIS MIGHTY AXE AND HE CLOSES WITH DE BRACY. DE BRACY FALLS!

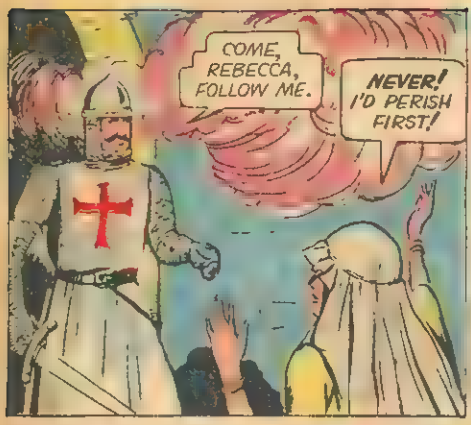

YIELD, DE BRACY, OR THOU ART A DEAD MAN!
NEVER- TO AN UNKNOWN!

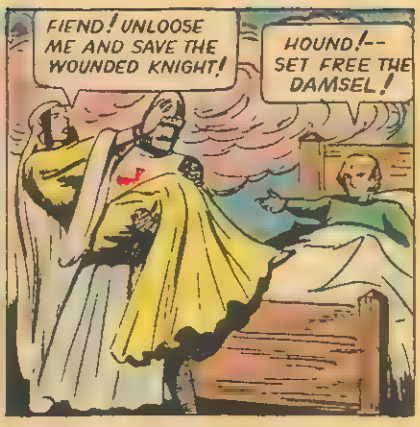
KNOW THEN, WHO I AM.
TO THEE? I CAN DO AUGHT BUT YIELD.

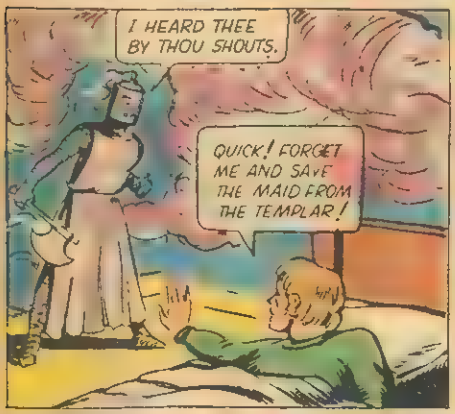

GET THEE TO IVANHOE! HE LIES WOUNDED AND HELPLESS.
HERE? IN THIS BURNING CASTLE? DIRECT ME QUICKLY, MAN!
DE BRACY TELLS THE BLACK KNIGHT WHERE IVANHOE IS IMPRISONED AND HE RUSHES TO FIND HIM.
I AM THY PRISONER, ARCHER.
DE BRACY SURRENDERS TO LOCKSLEY WHILE ....

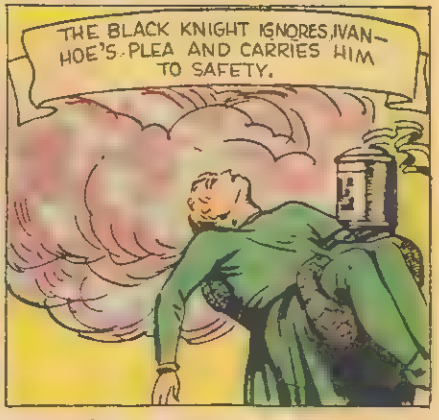
NONE SHALL LIVE IF A HAIR OF IVANHOE'S HEAD IS SINGED.
.... THE BLACK KNIGHT SEARCHES FOR IVANHOE.

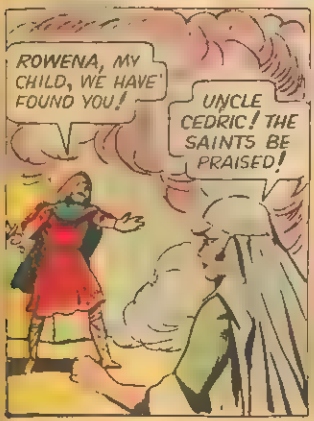

THE CASTLE BURNS! WHAT CAN WE DO?
SAVE THYSELF! THINK NOT OF ME!
THE HELPLESS IVANHOE AND REBECCA ARE TRAPPED BY THE FLAMES.


COME, REBECCA, FOLLOW ME.
NEVER! I'D PERISH FIRST!

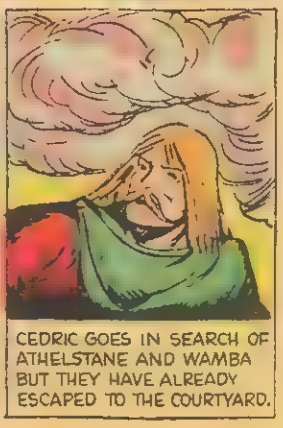

FIEND! UNLOOSE ME AND SAVE THE WOUNDED KNIGHT!
HOUND!-- SET FREE THE DAMSEL!


I HEARD THEE BY THOU SHOUTS.
QUICK! FORGET ME AND SAVE THE MAID FROM THE TEMPLAR!

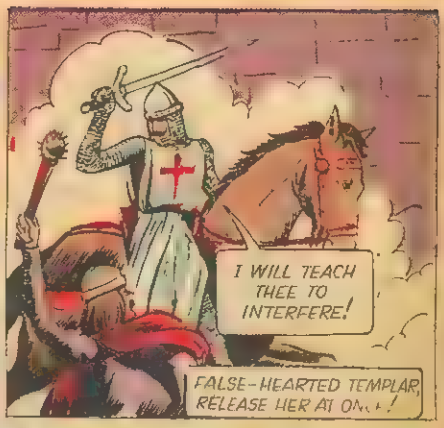

THE BLACK KNIGHT IGNORES IVANHOE'S PLEA AND CARRIES HIM TO SAFETY.

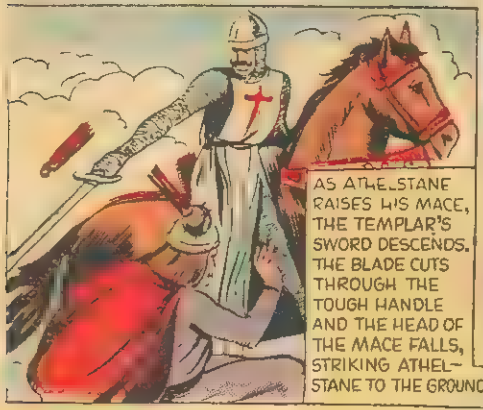

ROWENA, MY CHILD, WE HAVE FOUND YOU!
UNCLE CEDRIC! THE SAINTS BE PRAISED!

GURTH, DO YOU WATCH HER LADYSHIP CAREFULLY, I RETURN FOR ATHELSTANE.

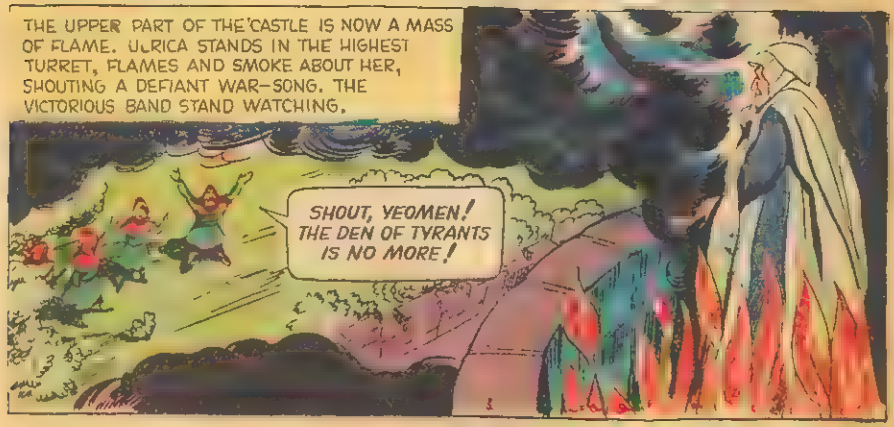

CEDRIC GOES IN SEARCH OF ATHELSTANE AND WAMBA BUT THEY HAVE ALREADY ESCAPED TO THE COURTYARD.

ATHELSTANE MISTAKES REBECCA FOR ROWENA AS THE TEMPLAR'S CAPTIVE.
STOP FIEND!


I WILL TEACH THEE TO INTERFERE!
FALSE-HEARTED TEMPLAR, RELEASE HER AT ONCE!


AS ATHELSTANE RAISES HIS MACE, THE TEMPLAR'S SWORD DESCENDS. THE BLADE CUTS THROUGH THE TOUGH HANDLE AND THE HEAD OF THE MACE FALLS, STRIKING ATHELSTANE TO THE GROUND.

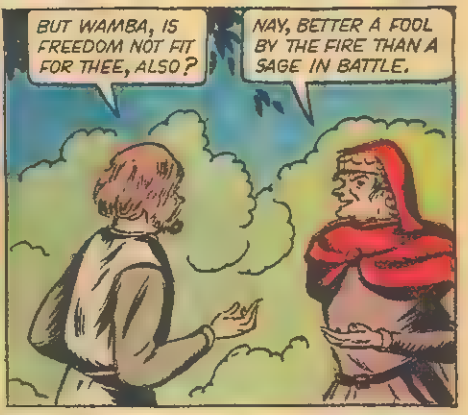
THE TEMPLAR MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE.
THOSE WHO WOULD SAVE THEMSELVES, FOLLOW ME!

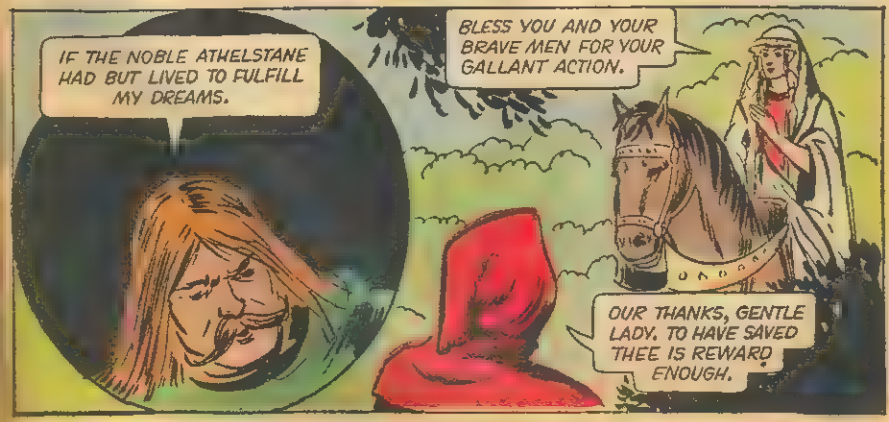

THE UPPER PART OF THE CASTLE IS NOW A MASS OF FLAME. ULRICA STANDS IN THE HIGHEST TURRET, FLAMES AND SMOKE ABOUT HER, SHOUTING A DEFIANT WAR-SONG. THE VICTORIOUS BAND STAND WATCHING.
SHOUT, YEOMEN! THE DEN OF TYRANTS IS NO MORE!

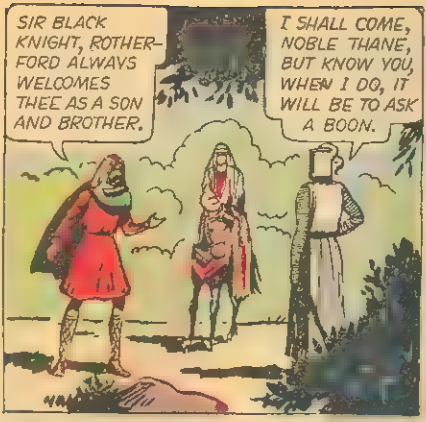
LATER AT THE TRYSTING-TREE.
THY PARDON, NOBLE SIRS, IF I SERVE AS MONARCH HERE.
AND WELL FOR US. I RENDER FULL THANKS TO THEE.

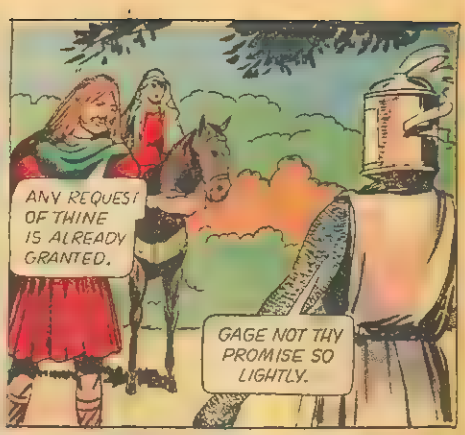
AND WAMBA, I CAN NEVER REWARD THEE, FAITHFUL FOOL.
AH, BUT YOU CAN, MY MASTER, BY PARDONING GURTH.

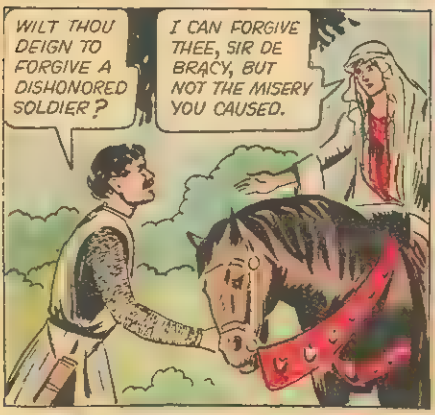
'TIS NOT ENOUGH. GURTH, I AM THY MASTER NO LONGER; THOU ART FREE.
WHAT! ME A FREEMAN?


BUT WAMBA, IS FREEDOM NOT FIT FOR THEE, ALSO?
NAY, BETTER A FOOL BY THE FIRE THAN A SAGE IN BATTLE.


IF THE NOBLE ATHELSTANE HAD BUT LIVED TO FULFILL MY DREAMS.
BLESS YOU AND YOUR BRAVE MEN FOR YOUR GALLANT ACTION.
OUR THANKS, GENTLE LADY. TO HAVE SAVED THEE IS REWARD ENOUGH.

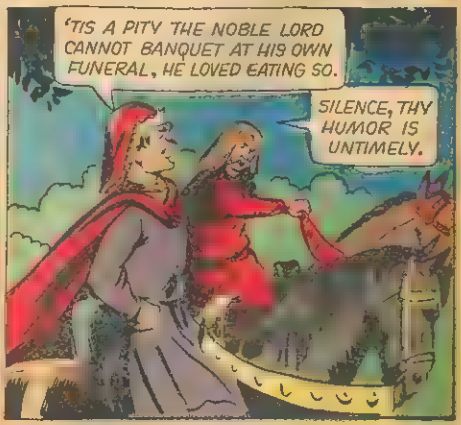

SIR BLACK KNIGHT, ROTHERFORD ALWAYS WELCOMES THEE AS A SON AND BROTHER.
I SHALL COME, NOBLE THANE, BUT KNOW YOU, WHEN I DO, IT WILL BE TO ASK A BOON.


ANY REQUEST OF THINE IS ALREADY GRANTED.
GAGE NOT THY PROMISE SO LIGHTLY.

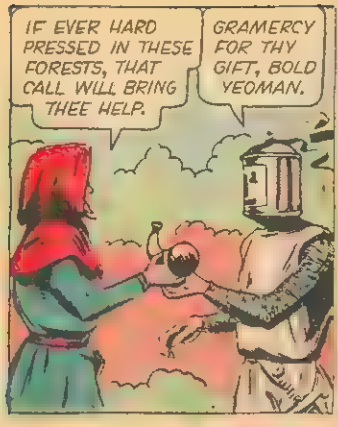

WILT THOU DEIGN TO FORGIVE A DISHONORED SOLDIER?
I CAN FORGIVE THEE, SIR DE BRACY, BUT NOT THE MISERY YOU CAUSED.

UNLOOSE THE LADY'S REIN! I WOULD PIN THEE TO EARTH.
'TIS EASY FOR A SAXON TO THREATEN A PRISONER.

I REPAIR TO THE FUNERAL RITES OF NOBLE ATHELSTANE. COME WHO WILL.

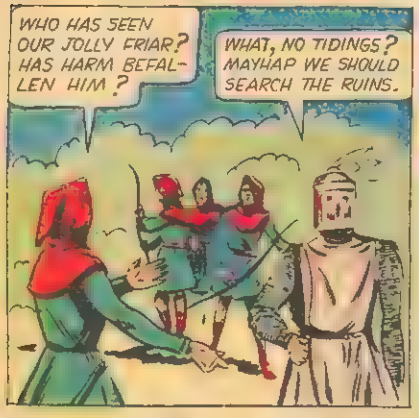

'TIS A PITY THE NOBLE LORD CANNOT BANQUET AT HIS OWN FUNERAL, HE LOVED EATING SO.
SILENCE, THY HUMOR IS UNTIMELY.

BEFORE LEAVING, THE OUTLAWS HAD TAKEN MUCH SPOIL FROM THE BURNING CASTLE. IT IS NOW TIME TO DISTRIBUTE IT.
WITHOUT THEE OUR ATTACK WOULD HAVE FAILED. TAKE WHAT YOU WILL FROM THE SPOILS.
AS MY SHARE, I ASK ONLY THAT YOU GIVE ME DE BRACY.
HE IS THINE ALREADY. DO AS THOU WILT.
DE BRACY, THY CAPTOR SCORNS TO REVENGE THE PAST. THOU ART FREE—GET THEE FROM ENGLAND!
THE OUTLAWS ARE DISPLEASED THAT DE BRACY IS TO GET OFF SO EASILY AND SHOW THEIR ANGER.
PEACE, YE THIEVING OUTLAWS. BE SILENT!
SPARE THE CHURL, MY MEN; IT IS THE BLACK KNIGHT'S PLEASURE.
AND NOW, NOBLE KNIGHT, ERE WE PART ACCEPT THIS TRIBUTE OF YOUR GALLANT BEARING.
LOCKSLEY BLOWS THE THREE NOTES WA-SA-HOA ON HIS BUGLE.


IF EVER HARD PRESSED IN THESE FORESTS, THAT CALL WILL BRING THEE HELP.
GRAMERCY FOR THY GIFT, BOLD YEOMAN.

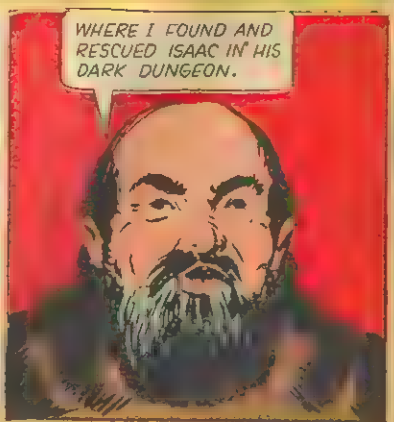
THE BLACK KNIGHT PUTS THE BUGLE TO HIS LIPS AND MAKES THE GREENWOOD RING WITH THE CALL....
HA-SA-WOA
WELL BLOWN! COMRADES, MARK YE THAT CALL AND HASTEN TO ITS SOUND.

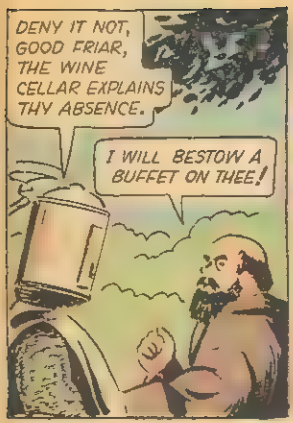
LONG LIVE THE BLACK KNIGHT! MAY HE CALL US SOON!

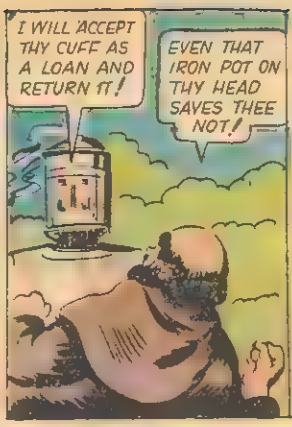

WHO HAS SEEN OUR JOLLY FRIAR? HAS HARM BEFALLEN HIM?
WHAT, NO TIDINGS? MAYHAP WE SHOULD SEARCH THE RUINS.

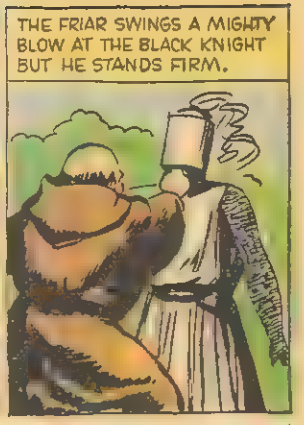
MAKE WAY, MY MERRY MEN! I COME! CRY WELCOME!

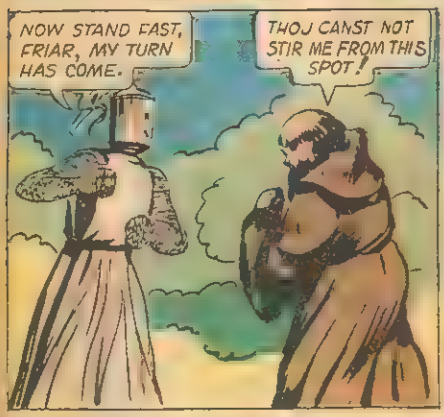
I COME WEARY AND TIRED FROM MY NIGHT AT THE CASTLE, WHERE THOU DESERTED ME.
I LAST SAW HIM IN THE WINE CELLAR.

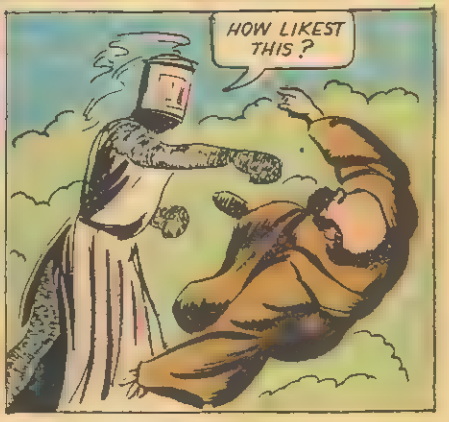

WHERE I FOUND AND RESCUED ISAAC IN HIS DARK DUNGEON.


DENY IT NOT, GOOD FRIAR, THE WINE CELLAR EXPLAINS THY ABSENCE.
I WILL BESTOW A BUFFET ON THEE!


I WILL ACCEPT THY CUFF AS A LOAN AND RETURN IT!
EVEN THAT IRON POT ON THY HEAD SAVES THEE NOT!


THE FRIAR SWINGS A MIGHTY BLOW AT THE BLACK KNIGHT BUT HE STANDS FIRM.

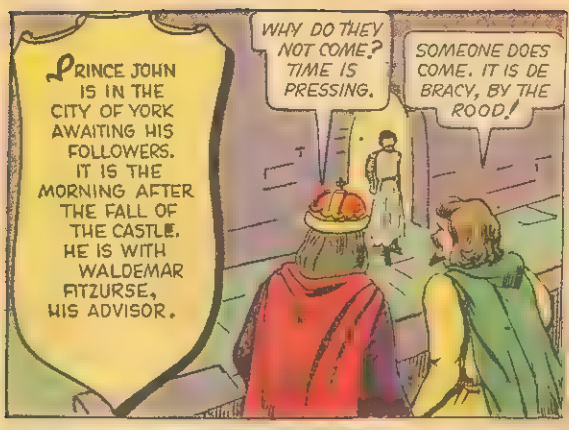

NOW STAND FAST, FRIAR, MY TURN HAS COME.
THOU CANST NOT STIR ME FROM THIS SPOT!

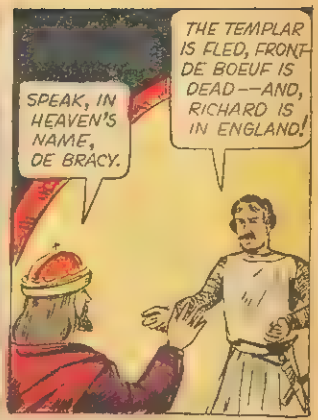

HOW LIKEST THIS?

BROTHER, THOU SHOULDST USE THY STRENGTH WITH CARE.

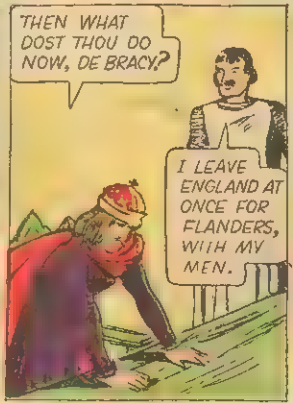
THIS IS MY HAND. MAY I EXCHANGE NO MORE CUFFS WITH THEE.
THEN WE PART AS FRIENDS? FOR I MUST SAY FAREWELL.

SOON THEREAFTER THE BLACK KNIGHT TOOK HIS DEPARTURE AND JOURNEYED ON HIS WAY.


PRINCE JOHN IS IN THE CITY OF YORK AWAITING HIS FOLLOWERS. IT IS THE MORNING AFTER THE FALL OF THE CASTLE. HE IS WITH WALDEMAR FITZURSE, HIS ADVISOR.
WHY DO THEY NOT COME? TIME IS PRESSING.
SOMEONE DOES COME. IT IS DE BRACY, BY THE ROOD!


SPEAK, IN HEAVEN'S NAME, DE BRACY.
THE TEMPLAR IS FLED, FRONT-DE BOEUF IS DEAD—AND, RICHARD IS IN ENGLAND!

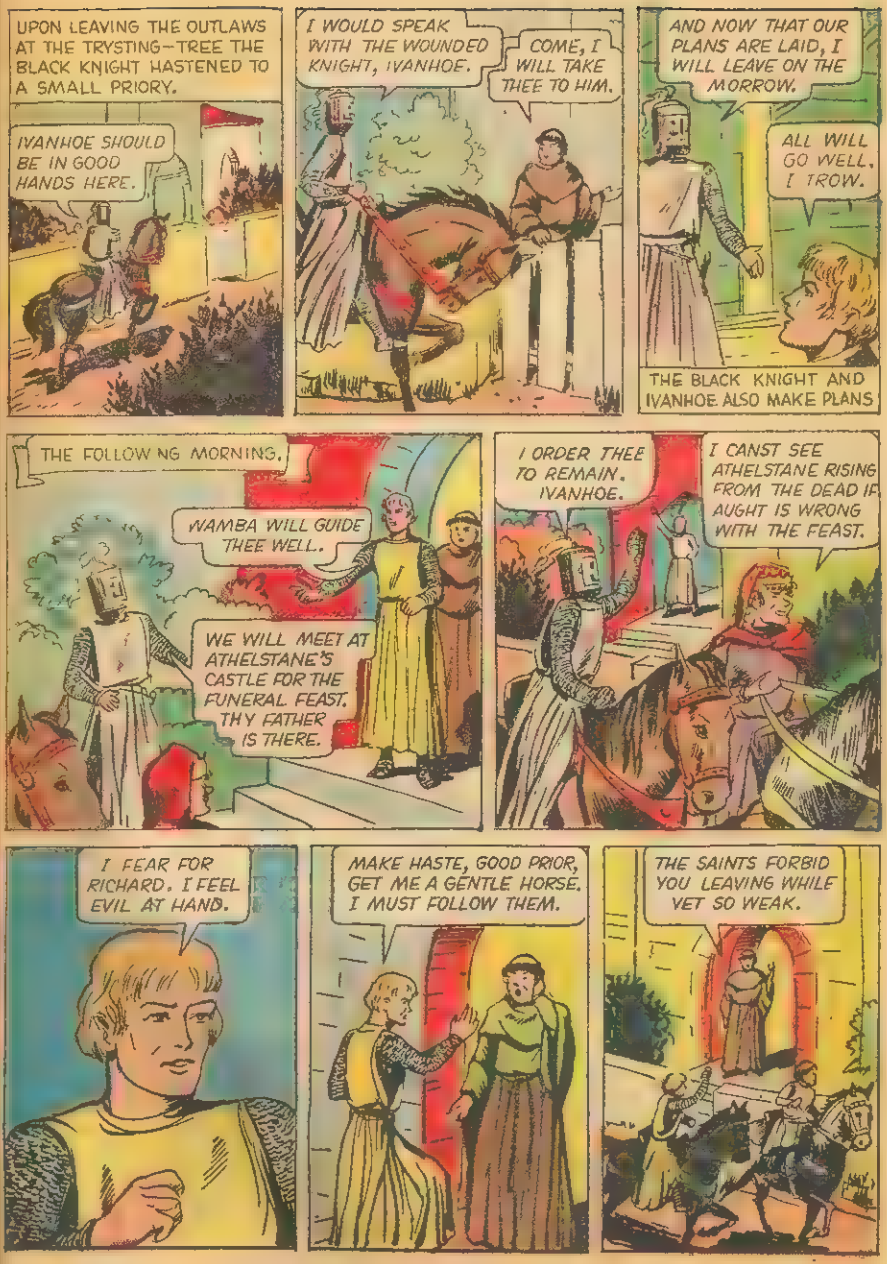
THOU RAVEST, DE BRACY!
IT IS TOO TRUE. I HAVE BEEN HIS PRISONER.


THEN WHAT DOST THOU DO NOW, DE BRACY?
I LEAVE ENGLAND AT ONCE FOR FLANDERS, WITH MY MEN.

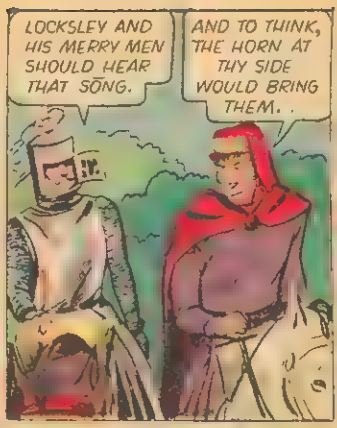
THEY FALL AWAY FROM. THEY DESERT ME. THE CRAVENS!

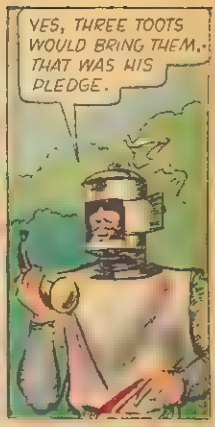
BUT THOU CANST NOT LEAVE! I WILL GIVE THEE POSITION AND WEALTH.
NAY, I HAVE GIVEN MY VOW TO LEAVE.

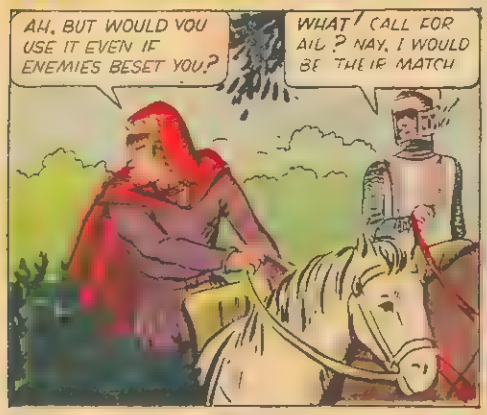
I HAVE AN IDEA OUR ENTERPRISE CAN YET SUCCEED. LEAVE IT TO ME.
WALDEMAN HAS A PLAN TO KEEP JOHN ON THE THRONE.

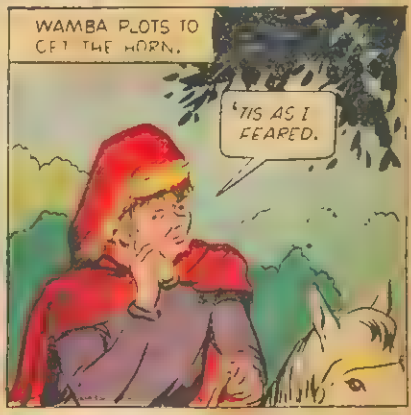

UPON LEAVING THE OUTLAWS AT THE TRYSTING-TREE THE BLACK KNIGHT HASTENED TO A SMALL PRIORY.
IVANHOE SHOULD BE IN GOOD HANDS HERE.
I WOULD SPEAK WITH THE WOUNDED KNIGHT, IVANHOE.
COME, I WILL TAKE THEE TO HIM.
AND NOW THAT OUR PLANS ARE LAID, I WILL LEAVE ON THE MORROW.
ALL WILL GO WELL, I TROW.
THE BLACK KNIGHT AND IVANHOE ALSO MAKE PLANS
THE FOLLOW NG MORNING.
WAMBA WILL GUIDE THEE WELL.
WE WILL MEET AT ATHELSTANE'S CASTLE FOR THE FUNERAL FEAST. THY FATHER IS THERE.
I ORDER THEE TO REMAIN. IVANHOE.
I CANST SEE ATHELSTANE RISING FROM THE DEAD IF AUGHT IS WRONG WITH THE FEAST.
I FEAR FOR RICHARD. I FEEL EVIL AT HAND.
MAKE HASTE, GOOD PRIOR, GET ME A GENTLE HORSE. I MUST FOLLOW THEM.
THE SAINTS FORBID YOU LEAVING WHILE YET SO WEAK.

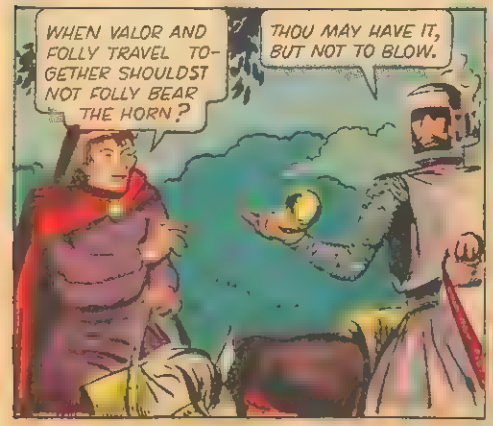
THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA WEND THEIR WAY IN MERRY MOOD.

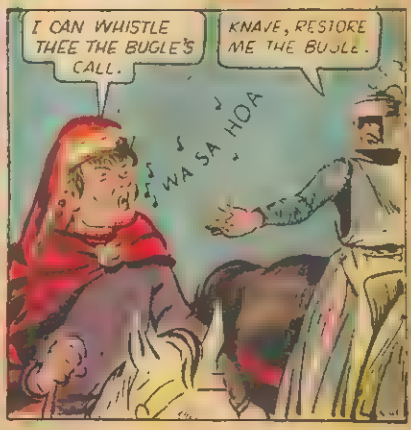

LOCKSLEY AND HIS MERRY MEN SHOULD HEAR THAT SONG.
AND TO THINK, THE HORN AT THY SIDE WOULD BRING THEM. .

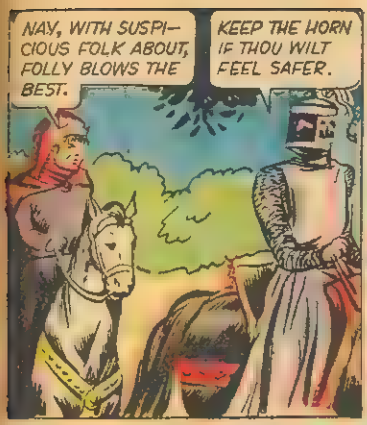

YES, THREE TOOTS WOULD BRING THEM. THAT WAS HIS PLEDGE.

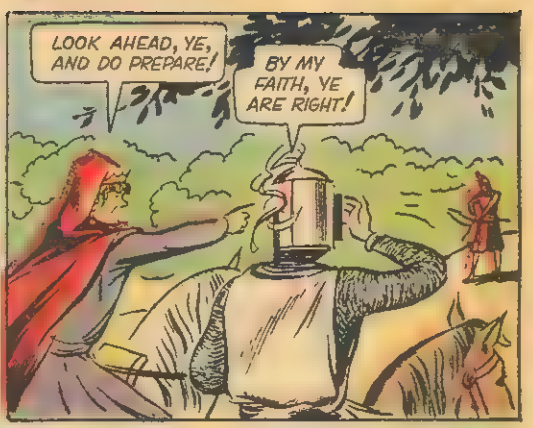

AH, BUT WOULD YOU USE IT EVEN IF ENEMIES BESET YOU?
WHAT! CALL FOR AID? NAY, I WOULD BE THEIR MATCH

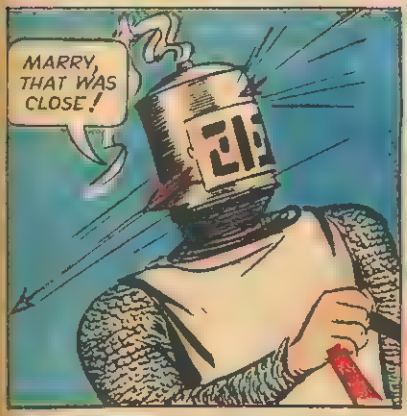

WAMBA PLOTS TO GET THE HORN.
'TIS AS I FEARED.


WHEN VALOR AND FOLLY TRAVEL TOGETHER SHOULDST NOT FOLLY BEAR THE HORN?
THOU MAY HAVE IT, BUT NOT TO BLOW.

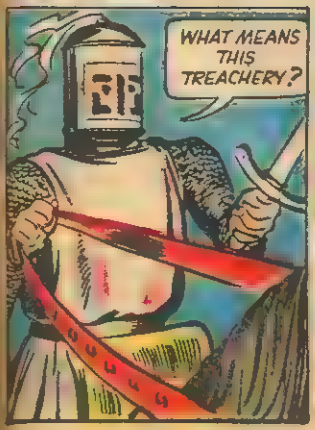

I CAN WHISTLE THEE THE BUGLE'S CALL.
KNAVE, RESTORE ME THE BUGLE.
WA SA HOA

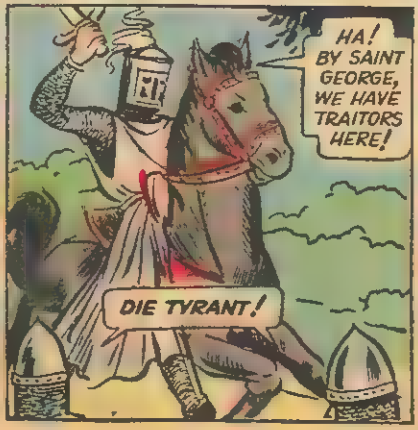

NAY, WITH SUSPICIOUS FOLK ABOUT, FOLLY BLOWS THE BEST.
KEEP THE HORN IF THOU WILT FEEL SAFER.


LOOK AHEAD, YE, AND DO PREPARE!
BY MY FAITH, YE ARE RIGHT!

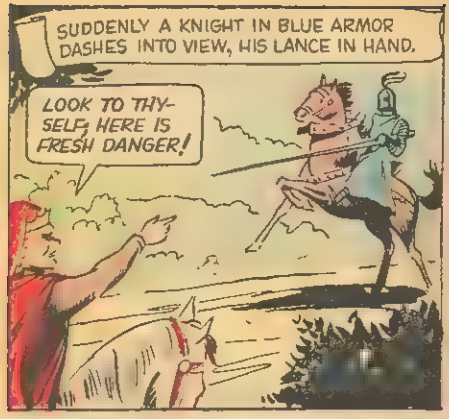

MARRY, THAT WAS CLOSE!

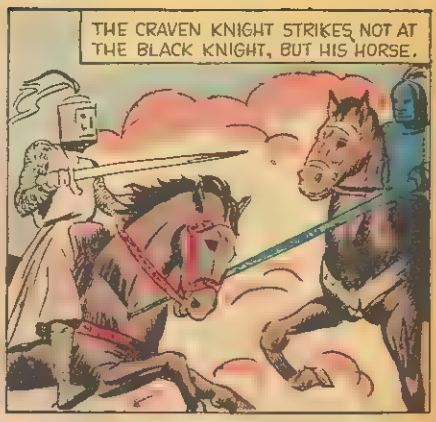
HAVE AT HIM! CUT HIM DOWN!


WHAT MEANS THIS TREACHERY?


HA! BY SAINT GEORGE, WE HAVE TRAITORS HERE!
DIE TYRANT!

FAITH, HE FIGHTS LIKE A DEMON!

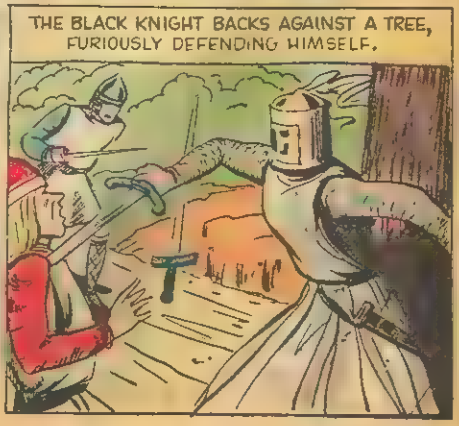

SUDDENLY A KNIGHT IN BLUE ARMOR DASHES INTO VIEW, HIS LANCE IN HAND.
LOOK TO THY-SELF; HERE IS FRESH DANGER!

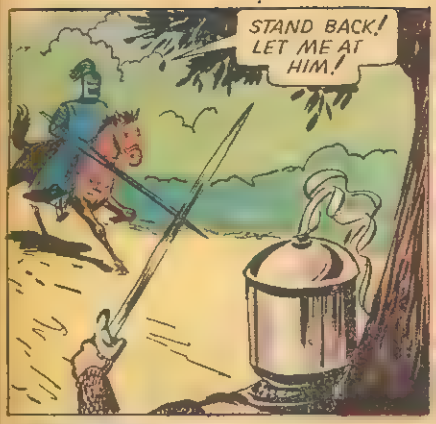

THE CRAVEN KNIGHT STRIKES, NOT AT THE BLACK KNIGHT, BUT HIS HORSE.

THAT WAS A FELON'S STROKE!

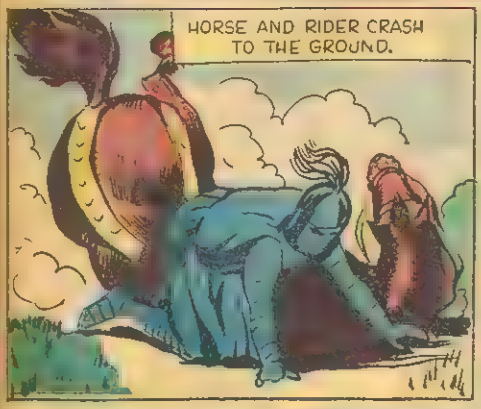
WAMBA BLOWS THE BUGLE.

YE FALSE COWARDS! DO YE FLY AT THE EMPTY BLAST OF A JESTER?


THE BLACK KNIGHT BACKS AGAINST A TREE, FURIOUSLY DEFENDING HIMSELF.


STAND BACK! LET ME AT HIM!

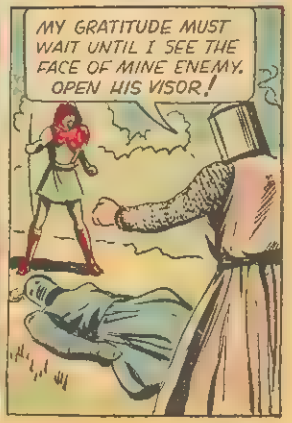
I LIKE NOT TO CRIPPLE THE BEAST.

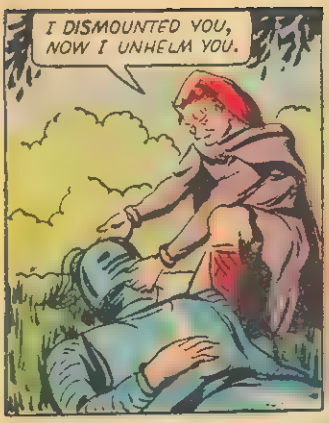

HORSE AND RIDER CRASH TO THE GROUND.

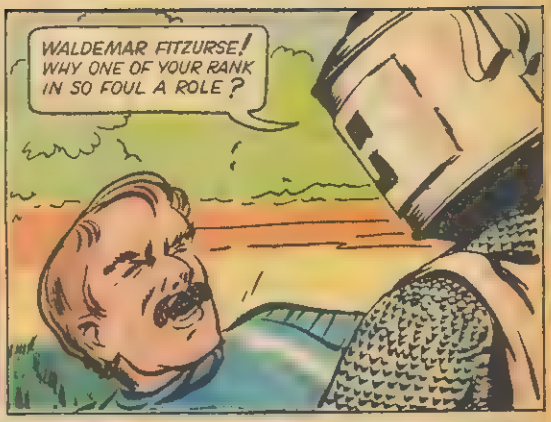
HE TIRES! PRESS HARD!
DOWN WITH THE TYRANTS!

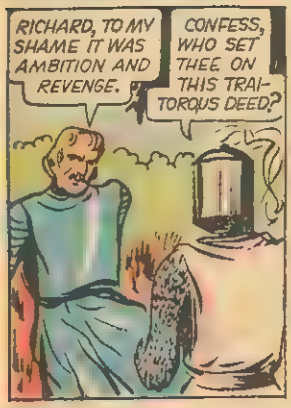
UNEXPECTED HELP ARRIVES!

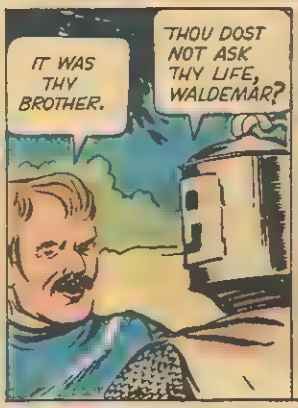
WE KEEP OUR PLEDGE!

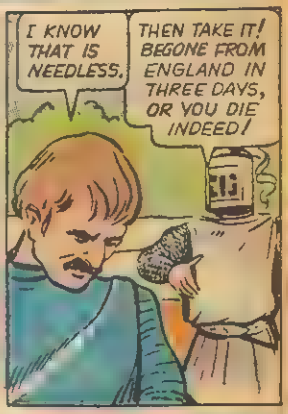

MY GRATITUDE MUST WAIT UNTIL I SEE THE FACE OF MINE ENEMY. OPEN HIS VISOR!

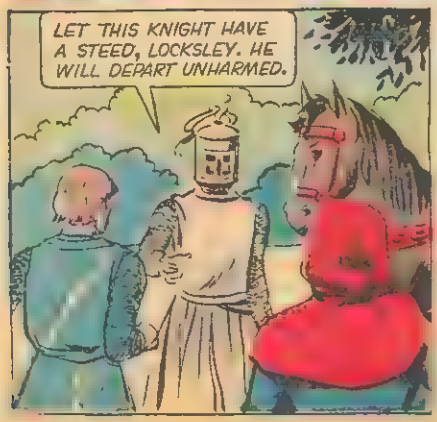

I DISMOUNTED YOU, NOW I UNHELM YOU.

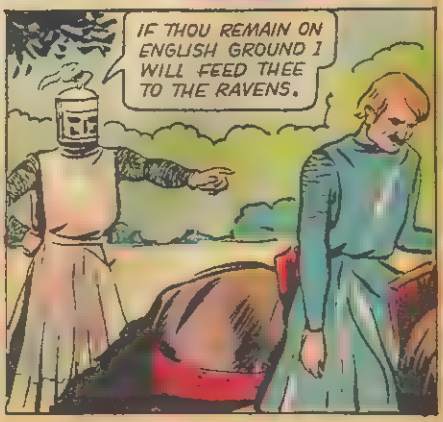

WALDEMAR FITZURSE! WHY ONE OF YOUR RANK IN SO FOUL A ROLE?


RICHARD, TO MY SHAME IT WAS AMBITION AND REVENGE.
CONFESS, WHO SET THEE ON THIS TRAITOROUS DEED?

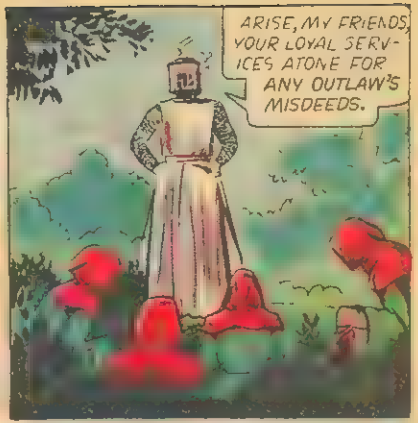

IT WAS THY BROTHER.
THOU DOST NOT ASK THY LIFE, WALDEMAR?


I KNOW THAT IS NEEDLESS.
THEN TAKE IT! BEGONE FROM ENGLAND IN THREE DAYS, OR YOU DIE INDEED!

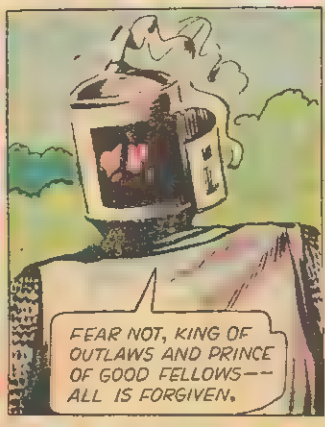

LET THIS KNIGHT HAVE A STEED, LOCKSLEY. HE WILL DEPART UNHARMED.

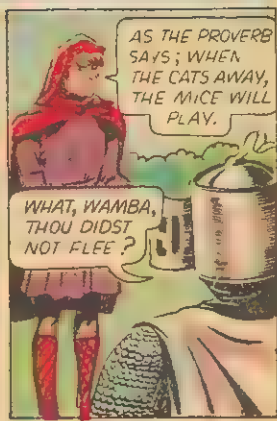

IF THOU REMAIN ON ENGLISH GROUND I WILL FEED THEE TO THE RAVENS.

IF THOU ART WHOM I THINK, LET ME PUT A SHAFT THROUGH HIS HEART
YOU HAVE GUESSED RIGHT. I AM TRULY RICHARD OF ENGLAND.


ARISE, MY FRIENDS, YOUR LOYAL SERVICES ATONE FOR ANY OUTLAW'S MISDEEDS.

CALL ME NO LONGER LOCKSLEY FOR I AM ROBIN HOOD, OF SHERWOOD FOREST.


FEAR NOT, KING OF OUTLAWS AND PRINCE OF GOOD FELLOWS— ALL IS FORGIVEN.


AS THE PROVERB SAYS; WHEN THE CATS AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY.
WHAT, WAMBA, THOU DIDST NOT FLEE?

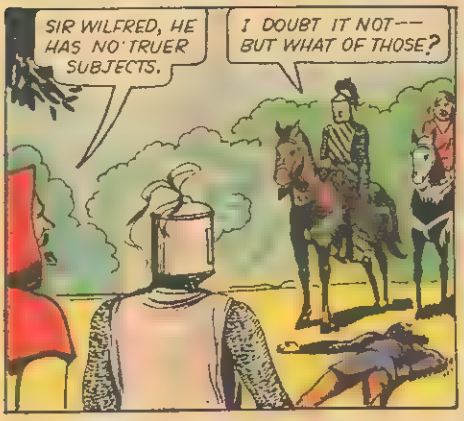
TAKE FLIGHT AND SEPARATE VALOR FROM FOLLY? NEVER! DID I NOT SOUND THE ALARM?
AND TO GOOD SERVICE, BRAVE JESTER.

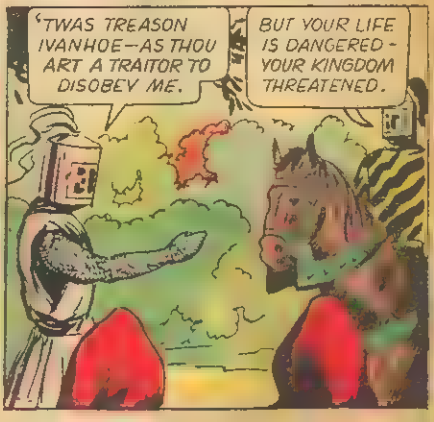
I MUST CONFESS A DEADLY TREASON. ALAS, I CUFFED A ROYAL EAR.

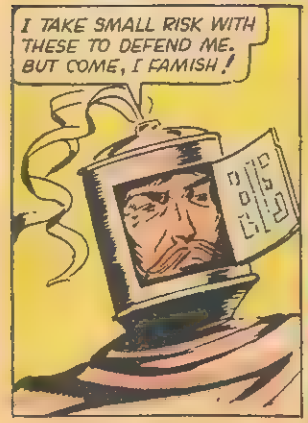
HA! HA! BUT IN TRUTH I PAID YOU BACK.

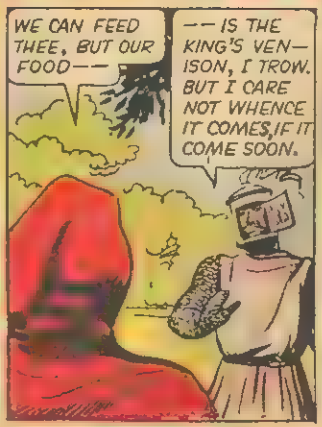
BY MY HALIDOME, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

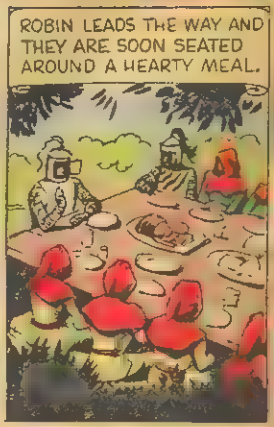
FEAR NOT, WILFRED, THESE ARE TRUE ENGLISH HEARTS, WHO NOW KNOW THEIR KING.


SIR WILFRED, HE HAS NO TRUER SUBJECTS.
I DOUBT IT NOT-- BUT WHAT OF THOSE?

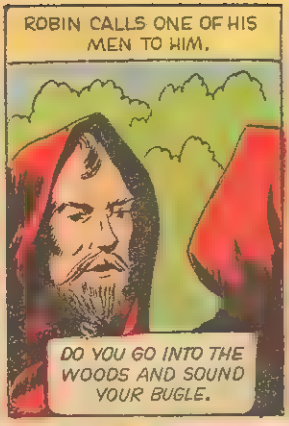

'TWAS TREASON IVANHOE—AS THOU ART A TRAITOR TO DISOBEY ME.
BUT YOUR LIFE IS DANGERED - YOUR KINGDOM THREATENED.

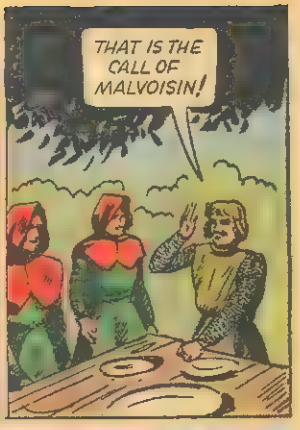

I TAKE SMALL RISK WITH THESE TO DEFEND ME. BUT COME, I FAMISH!

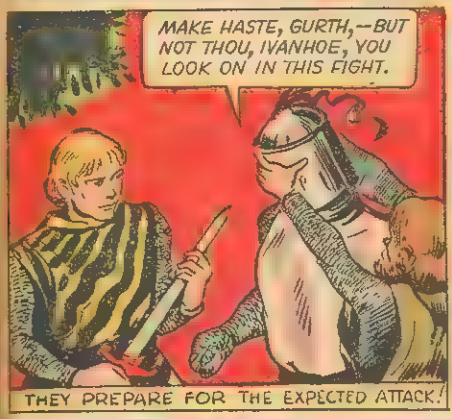

WE CAN FEED THEE, BUT OUR FOOD--
--IS THE KING'S VEN— ISON, I TROW. BUT I CARE NOT WHENCE IT COMES, IF IT COME SOON.

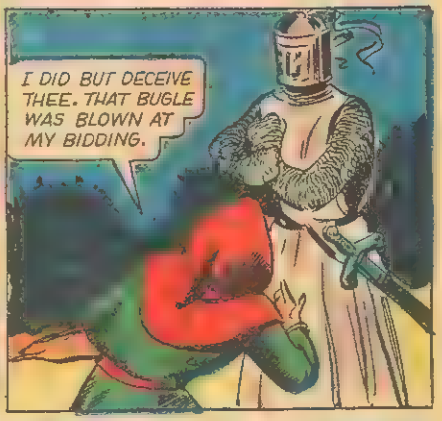

ROBIN LEADS THE WAY AND THEY ARE SOON SEATED AROUND A HEARTY MEAL.

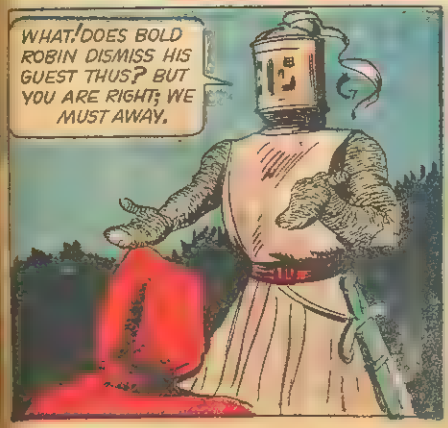
THE KING HONORS OUR MEAL, BUT IS IT NOT WISE THAT HE HASTEN?
WISELY SPOKEN—WE MUST START HIM ON HIS WAY.

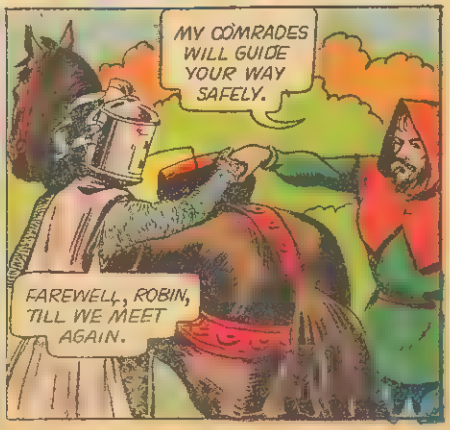

ROBIN CALLS ONE OF HIS MEN TO HIM.
DO YOU GO INTO THE WOODS AND SOUND YOUR BUGLE.

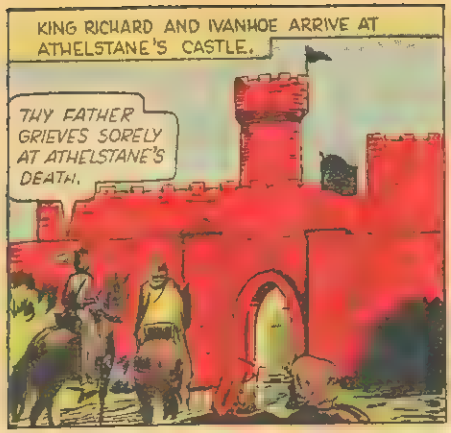

THAT IS THE CALL OF MALVOISIN!


MAKE HASTE, GURTH,—BUT NOT THOU, IVANHOE, YOU LOOK ON IN THIS FIGHT.
THEY PREPARE FOR THE EXPECTED ATTACK!

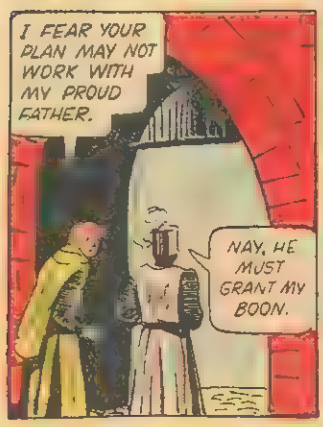

I DID BUT DECEIVE THEE. THAT BUGLE WAS BLOWN AT MY BIDDING.


WHAT! DOES BOLD ROBIN DISMISS HIS GUEST THUS? BUT YOU ARE RIGHT; WE MUST AWAY.

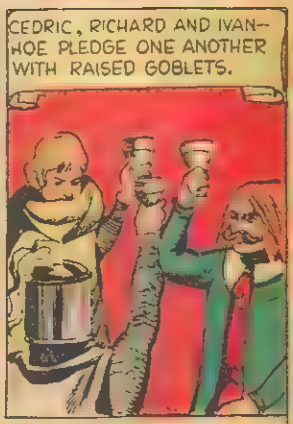

MY COMRADES WILL GUIDE YOUR WAY SAFELY.
FAREWELL, ROBIN, TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

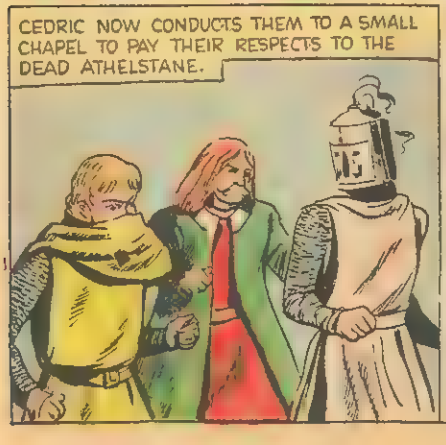

KING RICHARD AND IVANHOE ARRIVE AT ATHELSTANE'S CASTLE.
THY FATHER GRIEVES SORELY AT ATHELSTANE'S DEATH.

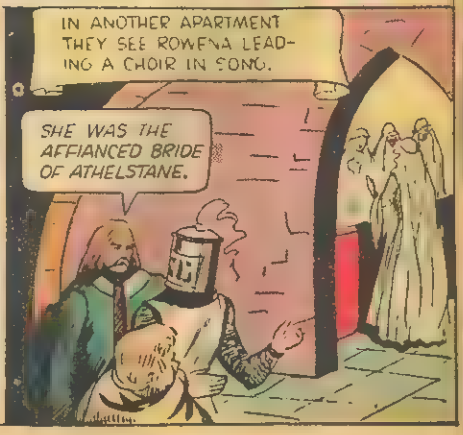
WAMBA, YOU AND GURTH TARRY HERE.
WHILE THE GHOST OF ATHELSTANE ENVIES US.

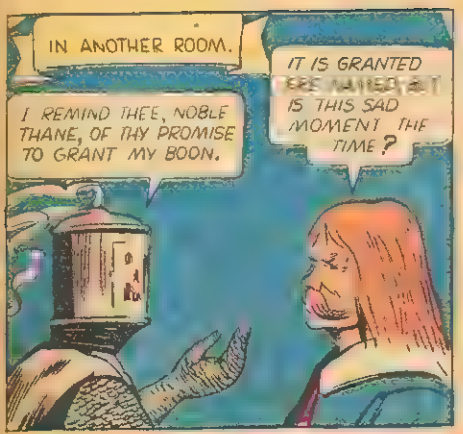

I FEAR YOUR PLAN MAY NOT WORK WITH MY PROUD FATHER.
NAY, HE MUST GRANT MY BOON.

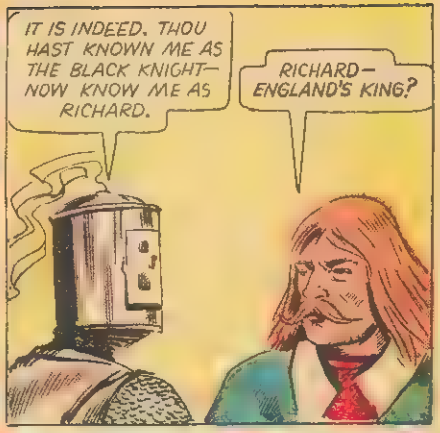
ENTER, NOBLE SIRS!

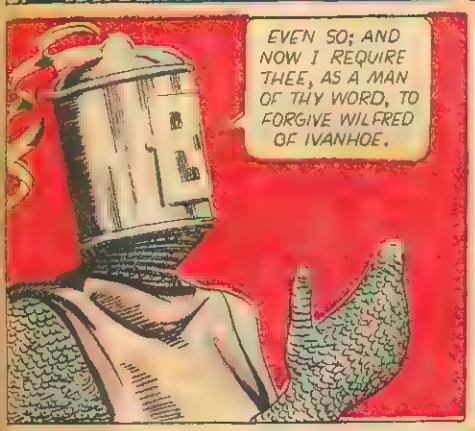

CEDRIC, RICHARD AND IVANHOE PLEDGE ONE ANOTHER WITH RAISED GOBLETS.


CEDRIC NOW CONDUCTS THEM TO A SMALL CHAPEL TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO THE DEAD ATHELSTANE.

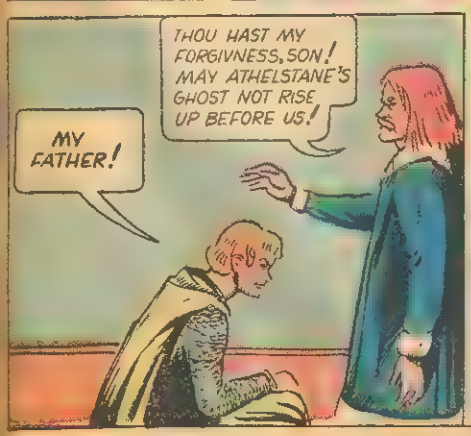

IN ANOTHER APARTMENT THEY SEE ROWENA LEADING A CHOIR IN SONG.
SHE WAS THE AFFIANCED BRIDE OF ATHELSTANE.


IN ANOTHER ROOM.
I REMIND THEE, NOBLE THANE, OF THY PROMISE TO GRANT MY BOON.
IT IS GRANTED [illegible] IS THIS SAD MOMENT THE TIME?

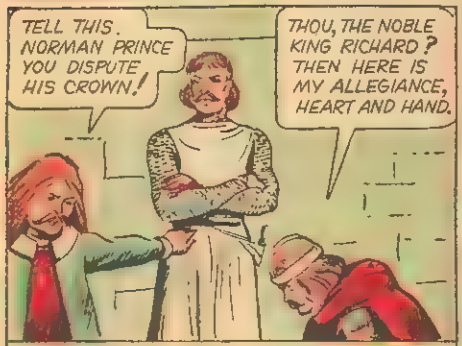

IT IS INDEED. THOU HAST KNOWN ME AS THE BLACK KNIGHT— NOW KNOW ME AS RICHARD.
RICHARD— ENGLAND'S KING?


EVEN SO; AND NOW I REQUIRE THEE, AS A MAN OF THY WORD, TO FORGIVE WILFRED OF IVANHOE.

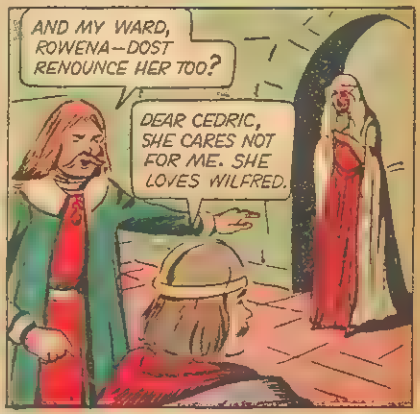
AND THIS IS WILFRED?

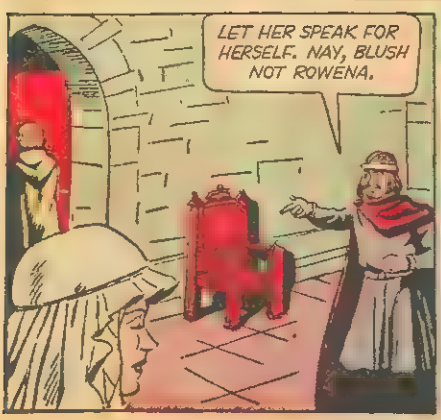

THOU HAST MY FORGIVNESS, SON! MAY ATHELSTANE'S GHOST NOT RISE UP BEFORE US!
MY FATHER!

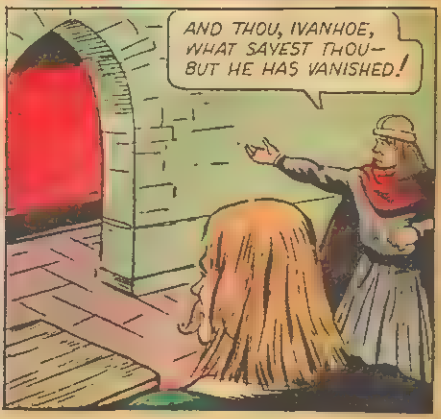
ART THOU A DE-PARTED SPIRIT? BUT LIVING OR DEAD—SPEAK!
ATHELSTANE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY IN HIS FUNERAL SHROUDS



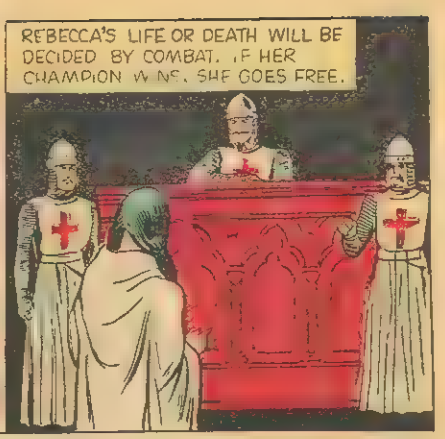
ATHELSTANE'S REFUSAL TO OPPOSE RICHARD BLASTS CEDRIC'S LAST HOPE OF RESTORIN THE SAXONS TO POWER.

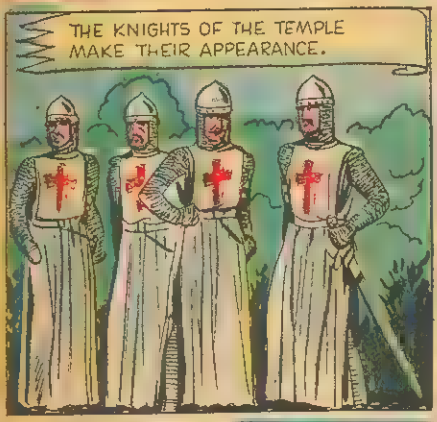


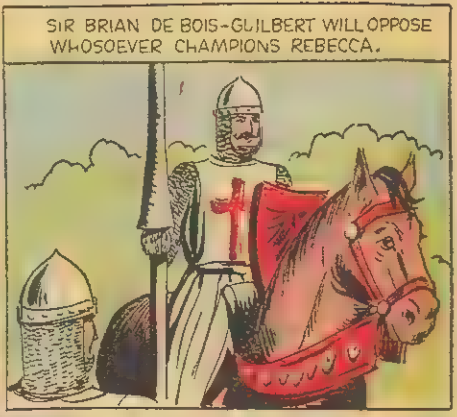


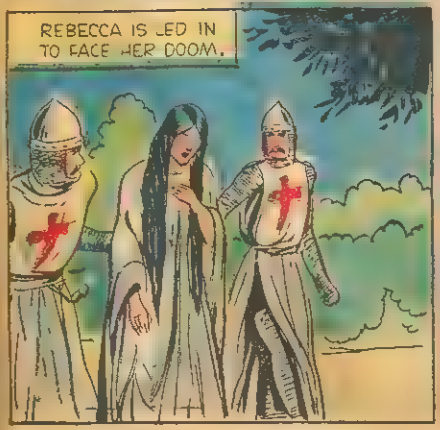


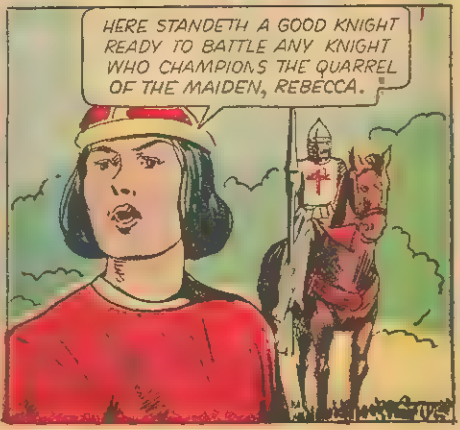
ISAAC HAS ESCAPED FROM THE BURNING CASTLE TO FIND THAT THE TEMPLAR HAS TAKEN REBECCA TO TEMPLESTOWE, THE HOME OF THE TEMPLARS. HE FOLLOWS HER THERE. ALTHOUGH REBECCA HAS SPURNED THE TEMPLAR'S ATTENTIONS, SHE IS ACCUSED OF CASTING A SPELL OVER HIM. BROUGHT BEFORE THE JUDGES SHE DEMANDS HER CASE BE SETTLED IN BATTLE. THE TEMPLAR, TO HIS DISMAY, IS SELECTED TO OPPOSE HER CHAMPION. AS A LAST RESORT, ISAAC HASTENS TO IVANHOE AND PLEADS WITH HIM TO SAVE REBECCA.....











NO CHAMPION APPEARS FOR REBECCA. A HERALD IS SENT TO INQUIRE IF SHE EXPECTS ONE.
WHERE IS THY CHAMPION?
I MAINTAIN MY INNOCENCE AND DEMAND ALL DELAY THE LAW ALLOWS.
WE WILL WAIT UNTIL THE SHADOWS REACH THEIR LONGEST. IF THEN NO CHAMPION ARRIVES, SHE MUST DIE!
MOUNT BEHIND ME. WE WILL BOTH ESCAPE WHILE THERE IS YET TIME.
BEGONE! I HOLD THEE MY WORST ENEMY!
THE TEMPLAR MAKES A LAST PLEA TO REBECCA.
COME, BOIS-GUILBERT, THE WAIT WILL SOON BE OVER.
TWO HOURS OF WAITING HAVE PASSED AND THE SHADOWS GROW LONG.
MY TIME HAS ALMOST COME!
SOMEONE COMES! IS IT THE CHAMPION?

A WEARY HORSE AND REELING RIDER ENTERED THE LISTS. IS THIS REBECCA'S CHAMPION?
I AM COME TO CHAMPION THE QUARREL OF THE DAMSEL REBECCA. I DEFY BRIAN DE-BOIS-GUILBERT AS A TRAITOR AND MURDERER!
THE STRANGER MUST PROVE HE IS A GOOD KNIGHT OF NOBLE BIRTH.
I AM WILFRED OF IVANHOE.
I WILL NOT FIGHT A WOUNDED MAN.
HAST FORGOTTEN THY BOASTS AND TWO DEFEATS AT MY HANDS?
DOG OF A SAXON; TAKE THY LANCE AND PREPARE TO DIE!
AM I ALLOWED FOR COMBAT?
I MAY NOT DENY THEE, IF THE MAIDEN ACCEPTS.
DOST THOU ACCEPT ME, REBECCA, AS THY CHAMPION?
I DO! I DO—YET, NO—THY WOUNDS ARE NOT HEALED!

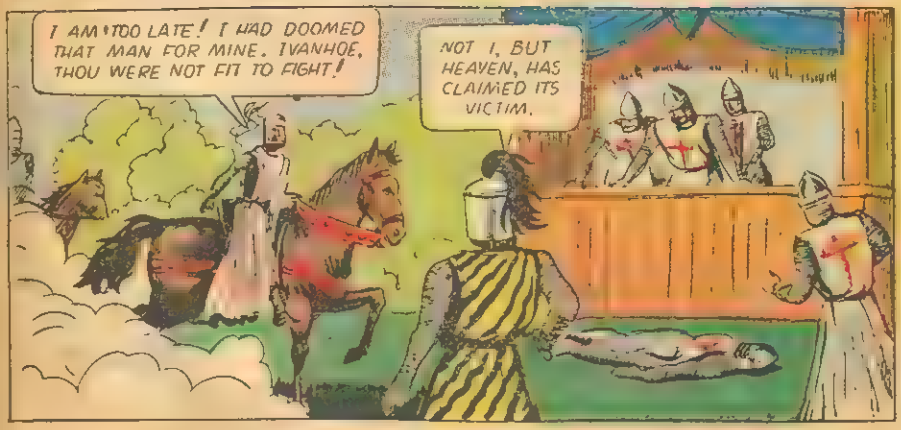
IVANHOE IS ALREADY AT HIS POST, HIS VISOR CLOSED AND HIS LANCE IN POSITION.
THE GRAND MASTER TOSSES THE GAGE OF BATTLE INTO THE LISTS - IT IS REBECCA'S GLOVE.
LET THE COMBAT START!
AGAIN IVANHOE AND SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT MEET!
'TIS THY END, SAXON!
WILFRED OF IVANHOE IS DOWN!
THE TEMPLAR HAS ALSO FALLEN!
LET ME AT HIM!

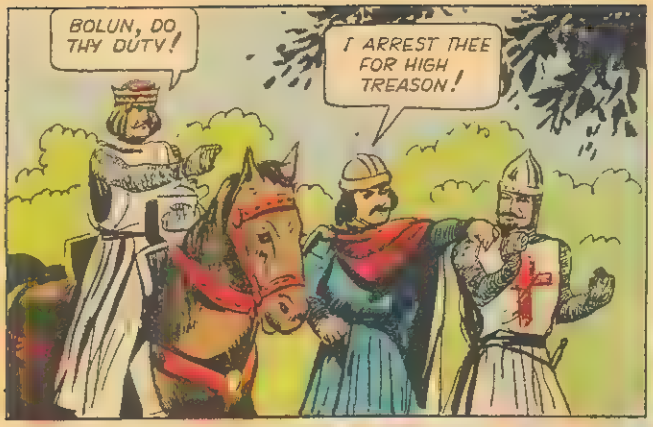
YIELD TEMPLAR, OR DIE ON THE SPOT!

SLAY HIM NOT! SIR WILFRED OF IVANHOE, I NAME THEE VICTOR!

THERE IS NO WOUND UPON HIM, YET HE IS DEAD!

REBECCA IS PRONOUNCED FREE AND GUILTLESS.
MY DAUGHTER! IVANHOE HAS SAVED YOU!


I AM TOO LATE! I HAD DOOMED THAT MAN FOR MINE. IVANHOE, THOU WERE NOT FIT TO FIGHT!
NOT I, BUT HEAVEN, HAS CLAIMED ITS VICTIM.



A SHORT TIME LATER THE WEDDING OF IVANHOE AND ROWENA WAS CELEBRATED, KING RICHARD, HIMSELF, BEING PRESENT.

INTERESTING HIGHLIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

In 1771, Walter Scott, destined to be one of the world's great writers was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Before he was two years old he suffered a severe illness which left him lame for the rest of his life, and his father, in the hope that he would regain his strength, sent him to the home of his grandfather in the country. There he learned to speak German, French, and Italian in order that he might read the romantic tales of other countries. Even at this early part of his life he showed an almost insatiable appetite for the tales and ballads of the countryside.

For two years he attended the University of Edinburgh and at the age of sixteen entered the law office of his father. In spite of the fact that Law had little or no appeal for him, he was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1791 when he was twenty years old.

In 1788, through a lecture, he heard of the old German Ballads and at about the same time he heard a translation of the German poet Burger's **"Lenore."** Immediately he began translating other ballads, and published them with his own poem ***THE WILD HUNTSMAN.***

This was the beginning of one of the most prolific careers in literary history . . . a career equalled by few writers. ***The Eve of St. John, The Grey Brother, The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,*** in three volumes, and a translation of ***Sir Tristram*** followed very rapidly after his initial effort. ***The Lay of the Last Minstrel*** was completed in 1805, and in 1810 his height as a poet was reached with the publication of ***The Lady of the Lake.***

As a result of a waning popularity and mounting debt he turned to prose, as a means of expression, and in 1814 completed ***Waverly,*** a novel begun in 1805 and which he had laid aside. It was the first of the Waverly novels, among which are ***Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, The Talisman,*** and ***The Bride of Lammermoor.*** These romantic tales, brought to life through Scott's understanding and knowledge of the intimate details of his Scotland, were published anonymously and their authorship was not even acknowledged until 1827. However, they were tremendously successful and were widely read. As a result of his worthy contributions to the field of English literature, George IV made him a baronet in 1820.

In 1811 he bought a hundred acre estate on the Tweed River, and from time to time added to it until it was one of the largest in that section of the countryside. Unfortunately, however, the possibilities of his living in his castle, as a feudal knight of old were not to be fulfilled. He had been associated for many years in a printing and publishing enterprise, and when it failed in 1826, Scott assumed full personal responsibility to creditors for more than $600,000. In an effort to pay back these obligations, Scott worked furiously from then on. In two years he had paid back more than $200,000. The strain was too great, and in 1830 Scott was stricken with paralysis. Two years later he died at Abbotsford, his castle on the Tweed.

Before the publication of ***Ivanhoe,*** Scott's popularity had been based on his Waverly novels, and while they were popular, even the interest in Scottish Manners, and Scottish Dialect must, in the end prove tiring if resorted to exclusively.

In contrast to his Scottish scenes he planned a novel that was to be purely English in character. The period he chose was the reign of Richard the Lion Hearted. The locale would not only attract attention because of the novelty of the names that were to be used, but also because the conflict between the Saxons, who tilled the soil, and the Normans, who still ruled as conquerors, offered a vast subject matter upon which Scott could construct his drama.

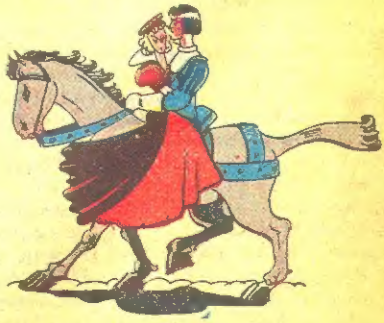
In order to understand and appreciate the literary endeavors of Scott, it is necessary, as in any appraisal of a work of art, to know the circumstances, time, and social setting in which it was produced.

"Ivanhoe," the first of his medieval romances, was completed in 1819. Up until then the whole era of the Middle Ages had been ignored or unknown by most people. There was a desire on the part of the population to forget—to escape the reality, the sufferings and the sacrifices that had been made. It is thus after every great social upheaval in history. In this scene one can understand fully the instantaneous success of the novel. Cardinal Newman said that he turned men's minds in the direction of the Middle Ages. "The general need of something deeper and more attractive than what had been offered elsewhere may be considered to have led to his popularity. He stimulated their mental thirst, their hopes, and set before them visions which once seen were not easily forgotten."

Chivalry, heraldry, the pomp and ceremony of knights in armor fighting and dying for the women they loved, was the perfect antidote to twenty-five years of war, and pestilence.

To return to the story itself, Scott patterned Rebecca and her father after real people. His sympathy for the Jews of Germany had been aroused by his friend Mr. Skene who, when Sir Walter was ill, attempted to divert his mind by relating his experiences with them while he was a youth in Germany. Scott chose as his prototype of Rebecca, a beautiful and remarkable American Jewess, Rebecca Gratz, a lady well known for her philanthropy and zealous religious fervour. Scott never knew her, but Washington Irving, who was her great friend portrayed her to Scott while visiting Abottsford. Scott determined to use her in Ivanhoe, which was then in preparation. When the novel was completed, he sent a letter to Irving asking, "How did you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have given compare well with the pattern?" He was particularly anxious about Rebecca and as a matter of fact most people today look upon her as the real heroine of the novel. She found so much favor in the eyes of the readers that Scott, at the time of publication, was criticized when he gave the hand of Ivanhoe to the less interesting Rowena, rather than to her. Scott defends himself from these charges by saying that the prejudices of the age made such a union almost impossible to conceive and also that he "thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temperal prosperity . . . such is not the reward which providence had deemed worthy of suffering merit."
In any event, the story was successful. Scott's treatment of the period, has been, of course, criticized severely. The Saxons of that time were in reality uneducated. Very few still had their castles. Chivalry did not reign. As a matter of historical fact, all the Knights who had gone to the Holy Land, did not go to save it from the infidels. Some went purely for adventure, others to escape debts, and still others to discover sources of spices which they had heard grew there in abundance. In short, there were as many different reasons as there were for the colonists who later came to America.

Scott was, as a result of a life of literary labor, instrumental in bringing the romantic novel to greater heights than ever before and laid the basis for its subsequent development. His niche in the world of letters is assured.



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